

THE RESIDENTS DADDAY ON THE MIDWAY TA

THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

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FOREWORD



COSON STEWORD

ou know that style of foreword that becomes so embarrassingly personal that you wonder what the writer was thinking, attaching such importance to his or her own subjective framework. Well, at the risk of writing one of those forewords, here goes...

There are only a few times in one's life when it's clear, in the moment, that you've been presented with a life-changing opportunity. I remember so vividly standing on the trade show floor of the Macworld Expo, San Francisco in January of 1994, demonstrating the Residents' Freak Show CD-ROM, realizing that a transformative future had just opened up before me. I had served as Executive Producer of the title for the Voyager Company—a publisher that I very much admire with a diverse title portfolio—one of many projects I'd overseen in my nearly three years there, but this one was different. Now, if you've experi-

enced **Freak Show** you know it was obviously **really** different, but what I mean was that my association with the title and its development team dramatically altered my view of what was possible and what was important in the new media.

An immersive interactive environment into which you journey, where the method of navigation is merged with the style of narrative into a new kind of game with goals linked to unlocking the logic of the world: it sounds so obvious now, but before CD-ROMs like Myst, The 7th Guest, and Freak Show, this was merely another vaguely defined possibility. For me, Freak Show was a breakthrough that provided not only the prototype for a new kind of product, but also the inspiration for founding a new company committed to making the creation of such games a primary focus. I had never seen any collaboration as amazingly synergistic as the pairing of the Residents' incredible world and music with Jim Ludtke's awesome animation artistry. I knew then that my calling was to devote myself to the service of such talent and vision.

After forming the Inscape partnership with Warner Music Group and Home Box Office in June of 1994, my first official act as President was to sign an agreement with the Cryptic Corporation to fund and publish the Residents' **Bad Day on the Midway**. The original team was complemented by programmer lain Lamb and producer Sharon Ludtke. In this, Inscape's first title, we all wanted to fulfill the promise of a new way to combine story and game suggested by **Freak Show**, and take it to the next level in the creation of an innovative approach to the graphic adventure and roleplaying arenas. Where **Freak Show** had provided a fascinating gallery of solitary lives, in **Bad Day** the idea was to bring the characters' secret lives together into a navigable social ecology that unfolds its plots and fates according to how it is played.

From the beginning the Residents described the game as a cross between **Twin Peaks** and **Sim City**, and the idea was to create a soap-opera labyrinth that opens as the site of a compelling mystery and becomes a role-playing game that is constantly turning in on itself. We believe that their ambition has been realized in the most elaborate and engaging story

game ever created; on the **Twin Peaks** front, one reviewer has even said "David Lynch could take lessons from the [game's] creators" (**Newsweek Computers & the Family**, Fall Winter 1995). **Bad Day** immerses you in a bizarre world where dozens of outcomes emerge within and between the characters' twisted lives. The player must constantly dodge death (and even avoid taxes) to reach one of the story game's multiple endings. The multiple ways to "win" combined with probability-based variable character interactions and the challenge of deciphering all the wrinkles in the various subplots yields almost endless variations in game play.

While the depth and dimension of this story game are very engaging, in the end, the heart and soul of this title are its inimitable characters. You can make the argument, in evaluating the trajectory of our industry's development, that 1993's defining CD-ROM game was Myst with its immersive, high-quality graphics, and that 1994's defining game was Doom with its hugely influential real-time graphics engine. I believe that 1995 may come to be defined by the development of characters that are unique to the digital interactive experience, characters with their own agendas that populate the compelling worlds for which the medium is already known, and that Bad Day on the Midway may ultimately be acknowledged as one of the defining titles of the year. That's my subjective, personal opinion, anyway.

Michael Nash Chief Executive Office, Inscape Los Angeles November 1995





his is my first book for Prima and I couldn't be happier with the results. It has been a team effort, with each player providing the highest level of expertise and assistance.

Its project editor, Michael Koch, with his extensive background in magazine production, contributed a visual look and feel and an editorial flare that set this guide book above the crowd.

Our graphic artist, Danielle Foster, who gritted her teeth and violated an industry maxim ("Never mix fonts"), extended **Bad Day**'s cacophonous carnival style.

And copy editor, Rachel Fong, who cleaned up every one of my less than smooth transitions to make this unique guide an enjoyable read.

A grateful nod goes to acquisitions editor Juliana Aldous, who not only gave me plenty of support in the

early going, but offered me the opportunity to choose which entertainment title I wanted to write about. As she ran down her list and got to **Bad Day on the Midway**, I told her to read no farther.

Heading up the Prima team is publisher Roger Stewart, who, after meeting me at a trade show and seeing some of my material, gave me this opportunity. Thanks.

To put together a guide requires not only the cooperation, but the support of the people who created the CD-ROM. In this case they all went overboard with their help. Thanks to Charles Payne, **Bad Day**'s editorial supervisor at Inscape, who provided me with material during "crunch" time when he certainly had better things to do. A huge thank you goes to Jim and Sharon Ludtke, who went well above and beyond the call of duty, allowing me to visit with them in their San Francisco studio and to pester them repeatedly for one more screen shot or sketch. And thanks for the terrific poster, Jim. A word of thanks also to lain Lamb, the programmer, who, during the final, frenzied days of bug testing, clarified several gaming secrets, strategies, and programming techniques. Finally, a tip of my top hat to the Residents, wherever they are. In creating **Bad Day**, they came up with a unique and exciting product that finally exploits the creative potential of CD-ROMs.

Beyond the Prima and Inscape teams I owe a great debt of gratitude to my favorite magazine editor, Gillian Newson. As senior associate editor of **New Media** magazine, she has allowed me a wide range of editorial freedom to delve into dozens of fascinating topics. She also introduced me to Roger Stewart.

Finally, my deepest felt thanks and affection to my wife, Birgit. Her understanding and support while I was dealing with incredibly intense time pressures and late-night writing frenzies, carried me through this book's creation.

Jeff Sengstack Wilsonville, Oregon November 9, 1995





repare yourself for a monumentally bad day. The tax man is coming to shut down the Midway. A red-headed rat bent on revenge is spreading the plague. And a psychopathic murderer secretly stalks the bizarre attractions at Ike's amusement park. Your goal: try to escape your demise in this vortex of negativity. Can you survive?

Bad Day on the Midway is unlike any other game. It is an interactive novel on CD-ROM with a complex story line and disturbing and richly crafted characters. Its multiple plot pathways are akin to a train yard with several parallel tracks, and the game structure allows you to jump from one moving train to another, experiencing the interaction from each viewpoint.

Here you will witness a macabre slice-of-life first hand. Few of us would venture into such a disturbing place,

and fewer still would develop relationships with the cast of demented characters who inhabit this carnival. But there are people just like this who inhabit the fringes of our society, and today you've entered their space and there's no escape. To get through this day, you are going to have to keep your wits, hope for a little luck, and seek a safe exit.

Bad Day on the Midway provides a decayed, decrepit, and black view of a carnival built on outmoded ideas from the fifties and sixties American culture. From a kid's viewpoint, the typical state fair back then was populated by creepy, weird grownups you'd normally never see. Strange people with big hair, rolled-up sleeves, and tattoos, were found operating greasy, ancient amusement rides and John Birch society members openly hawked White separatism in a booth next to the cotton candy, not to mention the exhibits of dozens of fetuses in jars called "pickled punks."

Bad Day on the Midway not only takes an unflinching, disturbing look at that atmosphere, it also adds a weird, happy, saccharine, feel to it. This weird happiness is the signature style of the game's designers and producers, the Residents, who always mix gloom or ugliness with beauty.

In **Bad Day on the Midway**, you play in the first person, and can assume the persona of most of the characters you meet. This allows you to learn more about their twisted lives, venture into more attractions, and dig deeper into the mystery of the Midway. The game puts you right into each character's point of view, forcing you to participate. Here, if one of the midway mavens comes up and pressures you for sex, he's really pressuring you. It's a little more disturbing than watching a movie or reading a book, but like a movie, it offers the vicarious thrill of experiencing other people's horror and pain. You are put through the entire gamut of emotions: humor, terror, empathy, sympathy.

As you play **Bad Day on the Midway**, you should know that you will not encounter typical adventure game elements. There are no inventories, no shoot-em-ups, and no aerial dogfights to contend with. Instead, you are thrust into this morbid world and your function is to figure out what's going on. One unique element of the game that enables you to do this, is the given ability to see the characters' thoughts. Many times they're just daydreams or snide asides, but many other times, hopefully, these thoughts will lead you toward more information, helping you to peel back the layers of this dark tale. Assuredly, you will come to enjoy poking around and discovering why you're supposed to be here.

Think of **Bad Day on the Midway** as the Disneyland of the damned. It is a world that is alive and fetid, a terrarium and a cesspool, where people walk around following their own devious agendas. At the same time, it is hysterically funny, with some great lines of heartland humor thrown in.

When you enter the Midway, you will know nothing about its history or inhabitants. Your role is to delve into the sinister intrigue filling the bad day to come, and also to voyeuristically discover more about the characters' sordid lives.

If you're like any other gamer, you'll want to dive right into the **Bad Day** experience, and you should do it. But without some help you'll probably never fully appreciate its depth, and that is what this guide book is for.

Chapter One is a short story that sets up your bad day by recounting the lives of two of its inhabitants up to the time they arrive on the Midway. Much of what you will learn in this chapter is from one person's point of view, and as you will find out, relying on only one point of view in this novelistic game can tempt death.

Chapter Two relates our own experiences playing Bad Day on the Midway, replete with murder, plague, and taxes. Written from the point of view of the omniscient author and invincible player, this is not the standard game guide walk-through—Bad Day has too much randomness to allow for such a reliable routing. Instead, this chapter gives you a basic idea of what to expect, while including a few survival tips and a general approach to playing that, on a good bad day, may actually get you through to midnight alive.

If not, try again: the experience will have done you good. And even if you follow the exact same route, events will unravel differently. In fact, it's possible to play **Bad Day on the Midway** dozens of times and not learn the entire story or discover the incalculable number of pathways and plotlines that lead to half a dozen possible endings. We can save you some trouble though. Following our advice will give you plenty of ideas for your own attempts at survival. But don't get your hopes up too high. After all, you are not embarking on a **good day** on the Midway. Even if you finish alive, the depressing conclusions may make you wish you ended up dead.

Besides the complex plot, **Bad Day** is also the Midway. The attractions and exhibits here are unlike any you've experienced at any amusement park. But it's not an easy task to see them all without some help. We'll give you all the tips you need for this experience in discovery as well in Chapter Three.

Those who have played arcade action games like **Doom** and **Dark**Forces know they have "cheat" codes that give you a full complement of weapons or health points. **Bad Day** has neither codes nor real secrets. Instead it is replete with circuitous routes to obscure and fascinating stories and graphics. Those who forego this guide will probably not find them all. You on the other hand will. The game's designers and producers were kind enough to point the way for us and Chapter Four sheds some light on every out-of-the-way dark corner of this **Bad Day**. (The Residents, of course, are a devious bunch, so it's possible they "forgot" to tell us about one or two. That's the limit of our guarantee.)

Bad Day on the Midway isn't a game you win or lose. It's a story. A multimedia novel. And as with all good stories, it's the compelling characters who carry it. We flesh out all ten characters in Chapter Five, and while each life story is something that only a few of us could ever truly appreciate, all of us will find the stories morbidly fascinating. Even the psychotic killer may earn your empathy.

Bad Day on the Midway deviates wildly from mainstream interactive multimedia products, and this deviation is reflected in the creation process. It springs from the collaborative efforts of a dozen artists who jumped at the chance to work with the renowned but reclusive Residents. Who are the demented, distorted, and disturbed masterminds behind this CD-ROM experience really? Well, the Residents are a mysterious performance art group who have been defying definition for more than two decades. In Chapter Six, we do our darndest to fathom their obscurity.

Then in Chapter Seven, we take a behind-the-scenes look at the creative process, both artistic and technical, of making **Bad Day**. Multimedia has always held the promise of true interactive storytelling, but until now few games have approached that goal. Thanks to the efforts of the Residents and others who have long been on the cutting edge of the artistic use of technology, **Bad Day on the Midway** not only attains this goal, it also advances electronic storytelling to a new plateau.

As with any good book, you will want to kick off your shoes, close the door, and lose yourself in the off-kilter environment of **Bad Day on the Midway**, where the characters are the rides. Unlike machines, these rides are organic, unpredictable, and disturbing. Expect the unexpected.

COSCO USERATION

BAD DAY'S CHARACTERS HAVE RICHLY
DETAILED HISTORIES.
BUT YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEM BEFORE YOUR DAY ON THE MIDWAY BEANS.
TO HELP SET THE TONE FOR WHAT'S TO COME,
HERE IS THE STORY OF TWO CHARACTERS
COVERING THE YEARS LEADING UP TO

ottie moved to her grandmother's home—a drafty, old cabin made from quarled, discarded logs—after her mother had died in the same car accident that had mangled Lottie's legs. What a horrible accident... The doctors didn't even try to save Lottie's legs. After all, who in Lottie's family could pay for that kind of surgery? Her father had run off before she was born and her grandmother was a hermit. Lottie was nothing but a ten-year-old orphan, so they just cut her legs off. Amputated them just above the knees.

Then Lottie came to the cabin buried deep in the woods. She enjoyed watching the woodsmen work, and she took a liking to one of them in particular—a lumberjack called 700 Tall Texas Tommy. Too Tall would easily lift her from the confines of her wheelchair and carry her into the woods, always careful to keep her out of harm's way. "These trees can be down right nasty," he told her. "Never can be sure where they're gonna fall. A man can't let his mind wander out here."

And indeed. Lottie saw more than a few close calls as she grew up among the trees, removed from much of the outside world. She came to depend on Tommy more and more, and eventually, her life became totally centered around him. Lottie knew he had a gruff side, but she also knew that she stood little chance of finding someone better. When Tommy asked her to marry him, she said yes.

After their marriage, however, Lottie learned that Tommy's gruff side was worse than she had imagined. He usually ranted about chores and her inability to do them all. "Men don't buy groceries," Tommy would shout. "Do the damned dishes yourself." And then he'd stomp off to his butterfly collection.

He had covered the walls in his small workroom with all kinds of colorful corpses of butterflies collected, traded, and purchased from around the world. The only glimpses Lottie was ever allowed of this collection were the few prize specimens on the living room walls.

ONE HAPPY FAMILY

In the years that followed the birth of their son Ted, the arguments escalated and the rage intensified. Tommy would shake Lottie's wheelchair and shove her into the wall. Then with fists clenched, face contorted in anger, and eyes blazing, he'd escape to his butterflies. Young Ted would weep at his mother's stumps.

It finally came to a head right after Ted's fifth birthday. In a blind fury, Tommy pushed the wheelchair with extra force. Lottie crashed into the wall, jarring loose a framed butterfly. The butterfly's fragile yellow, blue, and black wings shattered into a million shimmering scales.

"My Papilio machaon!" Tommy screamed in horror.

He picked up the few remaining ragged pieces of his prize European swallowtail. "Look what you did." he ranted, thrusting his opened hand into Lottie's face. "You did this!" Lottie shook in fear and little Ted cowered behind the couch.

Tommy then squeezed his hand into a fist and threw the crushed insect in Lottie's face. In a steaming fury, he grabbed Lottie by her blouse, lifted her from the wheelchair and threw her to the floor.

Something in young Ted clicked. He leaped on his father's back, pounding with all the might a five-year-old could muster. "Leave her alone or T'll kill you," he screamed.

Tommy had punished his son many times before, but this time there was no strap. It was the back of Tommy's hand to Ted's face, and the impact loosened the small child's teeth, bloodied his nose, and gave him a shiner that lasted for weeks. Ted, however, did not cry. He curled up in his mother's arms and they laid on the floor like two spoons.

Something changed in Lottie that day, too. She decided then and there that someday she'd leave and take her son with her. She found a nurse who helped her to exercise her legs and a few months later she took

her first few steps using artificial legs. But just when she thought she had climbed out of a deep hole, she fell into another one.

During one hospital visit, her doctor noticed that her skin had changed. It looked "tougher." After more tests than she could count, they told her it was genetic. They figured it had been in her system, not doing anything, for her whole life. "Dormant," they called it. "Maybe something traumatic set it off," they said. Lottie, of course, knew exactly what had set it off and it hadn't been the car accident so long ago. Still, she tried to keep her thoughts to herself, although she was also pretty sure that her little boy knew what she was thinking.

As for Tommy, he didn't much care for his wife's new legs. And he sure as hell didn't like what was happening to her skin. He was a man who worked in the woods all day, and the last thing he said he wanted was "to touch skin that feels like leather."

It wasn't long before Lottie's skin was worse than leather and more like the bark on the pine trees Tommy sawed through every day. This was the skin no one would love. Lottie knew now she couldn't leave. No one else would have her.

A TRAGIC EVENT

Some years later a tragic event and a quirk of fate would turn her in another direction entirely. And once again it was her brave young son Ted. by then a strapping thirteen-year-old, who came to her rescue. Ted and his father, though barely on speaking terms, worked together in the woods. Every day Lottie brought them lunch, and every day Tommy grabbed his bag with a huff and sat by himself while Ted and Lottie sat together on a stump.

This day Lottie had made her son's favorite chocolate cake and, in her excitement to surprise him, arrived a few minutes early. Ted had his back to her. The noise of his chain saw drowned out her greeting. She

saw Ted glance toward his father, who was trimming branches on a downed tree about fifty feet away.

There's an unwritten rule among lumberjacks: Warn those around you when a tree is about to fall. Ted, in his youthful inexperience, must have forgotten. As he pulled the chain saw from the trunk and the roar of the engine faded, he stood back to watch as if he were admiring a painting. Lottie instinctively screamed a warning to her husband and hobbled toward him. Tommy turned to see his teenage son dive toward Lottie, tackling her and pinning her to the ground, out of harm's way. Tommy's attention diverted, he failed to notice the falling tree that crushed him like an insect under a boot.

It took months for Lottie to climb out of this hole. She had nowhere to turn. She was an outcast and now she had to raise her son alone.

Her boy Ted's strength, though, was her greatest help. Always at her side, he was her guardian on the dreaded monthly trips to the town of Gridley. Oklahoma, where the women would shriek, "Stay away from my baby!" and the children would throw rocks. Once, when a boy yelled, "Hey bark face, you got termites," Ted ran after him. He would have ripped the foul-mouthed brat's ear off if Lottie hadn't stopped him. Of course Lottie appreciated his protection, but sometimes, she had to admit, he went too far.

Then on another fateful day, on the way back home from one of these trips to Gridley, they drove by the Sumner County fair. A Ferris wheel spun into the sky, colorful pennants flapped in the breeze, and the smell of sweet, deep-fried bread filled the air. The fair promised irresistible pleasures for young Ted. It promised to be a terrifying public place for Lottie.

Lottie knew what was coming though, and she knew what her answer had to be. She worried that Ted didn't have any friends. He never played with any kids. He spent all his time working in the woods and

protecting her. She wasn't sure if he even knew how to have fun. She parked the pickup and bravely entered the midway.

But it wasn't as bad as she expected. She wore her hat, coat, long pants, and gloves, of course, and there was so much going on, hardly anyone paid any attention to her at all. And from where Lottie was standing there were plenty of people who looked mighty strange to her.

FREAK SHOW

As Lottie and Ted looked around the showgrounds they saw a man with slicked-back hair and a pencil mustache selling vacuum cleaners, a fat lady wrapped in colorful rags telling fortunes, and a wild-eyed guy foaming at the mouth about racial purity, whatever that was.

Lottie still drew an occasional stare but most folks just looked away. No stone-throwing kids came out to torture her and no insults were flung her way, and Lottie and Ted were free to just explore the fair like everyone else. Their wandering took them past the tilt-a-whirl, the cotton candy stand, and the shooting gallery. Eventually, they found themselves standing in front of the freak show. Lottie had heard about such things before: giants, midgets, sword swallowers, and tattooed ladies—all human oddities and cast-offs like herself. They must feel the same pain that I do, she thought, and she didn't want to make it worse. So she turned to walk away.

Ted refused to leave. "Mom, let's go in."

"No," she said. "You can go, I'll stay here."

Ted tugged on her coat sleeve. "Come on, Mom, this will be neat."

She shook her head. Ted nearly pulled the coat off.

Then Lottie heard someone call "Ma'am. Ma'am." It was the man with the top hat and shiny vest at the freak show entrance. "You seem a might reluctant ma'am. "he said. "Lots of interesting people to see here."

She thought she saw him staring and turned her head. He stepped down from his stand and walked right up to her.

"Ma'am, looks like you're trying to keep me from seeing what could be your future," he said. "Why don't you and your fine boy come on in, no charge."

With Ted tugging one sleeve and this nice man with his hand behind her elbow, it was impossible to refuse.

At first the show made her uncomfortable. All those people staring. But when the man in the vest took her behind the stage to meet the freaks, she saw they were a lot like her. She found out that to them, being different was a way to make money. It was easy, they said, to not mind the stares when people paid to look at you.

That afternoon. Lottie the Human Log started earning a living. The townspeople who had taunted her now paid to see her. Hundreds came to stare. She now displayed the rough skin she had covered up for years like it was a prize possession.

She performed four times a day during the carnival's stay in Gridley and after they pulled up stakes, she and Ted climbed aboard one of their semis and they headed for the next town. The day they left, a fire "of mysterious origin" (as the police put it) destroyed Lottie's house. Her dead husband's house really, she thought. Lottie felt only a brief moment of remorse.

LOTTIE'S ACT

Ted and Lottie made a great team. She gradually warmed up to her role as the center of attention. Modest at first, she wore a short-sleeved blouse plus pants to cover her artificial legs. Later she grew more bold and wore only a simple bathing suit. Finally she grew weary of just standing there like some department store dummy, and so she came up with an act using her other deformity as a gimmick. Instead of artificial

legs, she wore logs. She managed to perform a noisy little dance then selected the brawniest man in the audience, gave him a chain saw, and had him cut through her log legs—cut her down like the tree she appeared to be.

The tent was packed for every performance due to Ted's hard work. He'd walk the midway, stopping everyone to insist they see Lottie the Human Log. "Skin like bark," he'd holler. "Maybe you'll get to saw her down."

Mother and son worked together, lived together, and were happy. The only minor irritation was Ted's insect collection. This part of his life he did not share with his mother. It was nothing to worry about really. It was only a small box of bugs that he insisted on keeping locked. He would tuck it away and mumble something about ugly liberation. At least he wasn't as crazy about insects as his father.

TRAGEDY STRIKES AGAIN

Lottie would have been happy traveling with this carnival for the rest of her life, always going to new places. The other freaks were friendly and the work was easy. But then tragedy struck again.

Over several months, three of the carnival's star performers died mysteriously, each death taking place in a different town. The police didn't do much, not even an autopsy, since carnival folks and police don't get along all that well. The official reports declared that all three had "died of natural causes in their sleep."

No one working the midway, of course, believed that. There were rumors. Each body had something taken from it. A lock of hair snipped off, a piece of clothing neatly cut away, and the most gruesome, a patch of skin missing. The carnies said it looked like a blister had been sliced off.

No one felt safe. Ted was worried for Lottie's safety. After all, she had become the biggest attraction in the freak show. They decided to move on.

Carnival people are a close-knit bunch, and so a few of the others came along, too. They all found work with another traveling show in no time. Life went on as before. The crowds were bigger, there were new freaks to get to know, and the pay was better. Sometimes, Lottie thought, good can come out of bad.

But once again, her happiness didn't last long. A few months after her arrival, there was another mysterious death, and again the local police were indifferent despite what appeared to be small patches of cloth and skin cut from the body.

This wasn't a coincidence. Lottie thought. Someone from her old carnival, someone who had left with her and Ted, was a killer. She and Ted had to get away. This time they would have to venture off on their own. She hated the idea of leaving her new friends behind. She was the star of a circus sideshow and they helped her get there. But maybe one of them was a murderer and she didn't want to be the next victim.

After checking around. Lottie learned her carnival and another would cross paths in Little Rock in a few weeks. She and Ted would leave then. Meantime, she warned him to keep his eyes open. "Watch your back," she said. "There's a crazy one out there."

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Circus performers believe "the show must go on." And so as Lottie counted the days to Little Rock, they continued to move from town to town, parading down Main Streets, setting up their tents in a park at the edge of each town, and giving the folks some entertainment.

But with one week to go, Lottie abruptly changed her plans. Another corpse had been found, another unexplained death revealed, another piece of skin removed from the body. The moment the news swept through the carnival she was off to her trailer like a bolt.

She burst through the door startling Ted, who was sitting in the back, his insect collection open on the table. He slammed the top shut. "Ted, there's been another murder. We're leaving for Little Rock now.

Ted quietly locked the box, nodded his head, hesitated, and then slowly slid his bug box to one side.

"Honey, when are you gonna show me your bugs?" Lottie asked.

Ted looked down and shook his head.

"All right then, be that way," she said. "Let's start packing."

Lottie said her good-byes that evening and she and Ted caught the first bus the next morning to another town, another carnival, and another set of performers and midway workers. She was relieved to be far away from the death that seemed to follow her.

After five towns, their lives had fallen into a pleasant routine.

Ted did the advertising and Lottie performed. The towns were different, but the people were the same. They all wanted to see the freaks. They especially wanted to see the dancing, bark-skinned lady. Life was good.

Until the next mysterious death occurred, one just like the others she thought she left behind near Little Rock. How could this be? It was like there was no safe place left to hide.

She knew she had to leave again but no carnival would have her now. Carnies talk and they're a superstitious lot. She was no killer, but trouble followed her and her old carnivals went out of business. It didn't matter that she brought in customers. Carnival owners didn't want her.

One owner suggested she try the Midway. He knew it had fallen on hard times and thought they might be willing to take Lottie on.

THE MIDWAY

The Midway was in a forgotten corner of the city. Here there was no traffic, only burnt-out cars and abandoned warehouses. She and Ted spotted the park down the street. A roller-coaster loomed over it like a huge skeleton. It was much larger than the "Wild Mouse" that Lottie's old carnival had carried along in pieces from town to town. This doesn't look so bad, she thought.

As the pair approached the park, it looked like it was closed. There were no customers and the ticket booth was empty, so she and Ted wandered in. An old lady's raspy voice interrupted the silence. "Spilt milk is mightier than the sword," it wheezed.

Lottie spun around. "Who said that?"

"Sounds like it came from over there." Ted said pointing to a small, garishly colored booth. "Hey, it's one of those fortune telling machines. Says she's Madame Mandrake. Knows all. Let's see." He looked the mechanical soothsayer square in the eye. "So Madame Mandrake, are we gonna get a job here?"

"The weakest link is the best teacher." Mandrake replied in her squeaky, metallic voice.

"She's no help," said Lottie. "'Course, I've never met a fortune teller who really could see the future. Let's keep on lookin' around."

As they approached the roller-coaster—the "Serpent of Satan," it was called—that looked so impressive from a distance, they saw it looked downright decrepit close up. It was an unseemly, unpainted heap of rusty rails with bolts missing here and there. "Don't know about this one," said Lottie. "Looks kind of dangerous."

A bit farther down the midway was a broken-down looking merry-go-round called "Marvels of Mayhem" that was different from any other Lottie had seen. In place of prancing horses, it had army

equipment—cannons, tanks, and jeeps. The bottom sagged and almost touched the ground in places.

Every midway has a haunted house and this one was no different in this respect. But this midway's haunted house, called "Torture's Top Ten," looked mighty creepy, and it was a far cry from the typical chintzy trailer with ghosts and witches painted on the side. No, this one was a scary stone fortress with a quillotine on the roof, "Never seen one of them," Ted said looking up at the deadly contraption, "Wonder if it works."

Around the corner they encountered an attraction they'd never ever seen on any midway—the "Sperm Whale Giving Birth to Electric Eel" exhibit. Lottie didn't know what to make of it. "I think I in going to like it here," said Ted.

THE "KILL-A-COMMIE" SHOOTING GALLERY

As they finished their circuit of the midway, they spotted a big-haired blonde lady with flashy clothes and a back-slapping attitude to match. "Well, howdy pardners," she said. "My name's Dixie and this here's the 'Kill-a-Commie' shooting gallery. You all want to pop off Lenin? How about Khrushchev? Don't you just love his shoe?"

Lottie hardly knew what to say. She caught herself staring at this gaudy woman who looked more like a country-and-western singer than a carny worker. "Well, maybe we can try later," she finally said. "Actually, I'm looking for work." She extended a gloved hand. "Name's Lottie. I've been in a few freak shows."

Only then did Dixie notice Lottie's face under the hat. "Well, you know we might have an opening. Come on in. You all can talk to my husband Ike."

They walked through the shooting gallery, with its showy red, white, and blue banners. There were pictures of mustached men with targets

painted on them. Lottie thought they looked sinister. A small door in the back led into a pink room. No other way to describe it. Lottie thought. Pink wallpaper, pink furniture, pink stuffed animals. Dust covered everything and the wallpaper was peeling.

"This here's the nursery," Dixie said. "Some day Ike and me are gonna have a baby. I know we will. I've wanted to have a baby my

whole life.

Dixie led them through the nursery and outside to a large building they hadn't seen from the midway. It was dark and mostly empty except for some large cut-outs of strange looking characters and a few old arcade games. Working on one of them was a thin, bald, older man in a wheelchair. Another gimp, Lottie thought.

"Nee, this here's... What's that name again, darling?"

"Lottie.

"This here's Lottie. Looking for work."

The looked up at her through his thick glasses. "You ain't one of them Commies. are you?" he said. His mouth twitched nervously. "Hate them Commies. Trying to take over the world. Trying to steal my ideas, too, I tell you."

"Now Ike," Dixie said. "Lottie ain't no Commie, she just wants a job. Says she's been in some freak shows. Got the skin to prove it. Show

em, honey.

Lottie wasn't too sure about this Commie-hating old guy, but she had long since lost her inhibitions when it came to displaying her assets, so she unbuttoned her jacket and rolled up her shirt sleeves. "They call me 'Lottie the Human Log,'" she said. "My son Ted and I make a good team. He brings in the crowds and I do my dance."

"Maybe you'll get to saw her down." Ted chimed in.

"That so," said Ike. "You ain't from that Ringling Circus, are ya? They send their spies here, always trying to steal my acts. That

Ringling guy sure as hell ain't got no stuffed whale, no sir. And when we get our abominable snowman, we'll pack 'em in here just like old times, right Dixie?"

"You bet." Dixie said. "But how about Lottie here? I think we could use her."

The glanced at Dixie, nodded his head, muttered under his breath about "the damned red menace," and returned to his work.

"That means you all are hired," said Dixie. "Let's get you situated and you can meet all the fine folks we've got working here.

MEET THE NEW NEIGHBORS

They wound their way around behind all the attractions, first walking into what looked like a small theater. Paintings of 7-bone steaks and dogs covered its walls. Two Dobermans snarled greetings and out came Dagmar, an imposing, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman in a cape, wearing a black leather skirt and matching bra. Her body was covered with tattoos of dogs.

"So you're the log lady," Dagmar said. "Well, meet the dog lady. These are my boys," she said motioning to her tattoos on her breasts. "They turn men on, ain't that right, young man?" Ted gave her a half smile. "Someday maybe?'ll tell you about the Chihuahua. He was the baddest of my bad boys."

Next, they left Dagmar's for a tiny booth they had overlooked during their midway stroll. "Oscar the Racing Rat" the sign said. As they approached, a round-faced, balding man with a goatee, five o'clock shadow, and potbelly walked out.

"This here's Otto." Dixie said.

"Huh-huh-hello D-D-Dixie. Y-y-you sure look p-p-pretty today." Otto said, smoothing the few remaining strands of hair up and over his bald scalp.

"He's got a pet rat." Dixie said.

"O-O-Oscar is m-m-more than just a pet. He's smart."

"Okay. Otto." Dixie half grinned and shook her head then introduced Lottie and Ted.

"P-p-pleased to m-m-meet you," Otto said. He held out his pet. Lottie and Ted had never seen a red-headed rat before. "O-O-Oscar is my f-f-friend. He's fast."

"That's nice. Otto." Dixie said, rolling her eyes at Lottie

and Ted.

"S-s-someday, we'll have the b-b-biggest booth on the Midway. You'll see." Otto said as Dixie led Lottie and Ted away.

"Nice guy but a bit off his nut. if you know what I mean." Dixie

whispered.

They approached a building that looked like a space ship. A sloppily painted board nailed by the door said "under construction." The interior was strewn with huge bones, and vats of bubbling liquid. The place smelled like rotting meat. Stirring one of the vats was Jocko, a thirtyish, dark-haired man, wearing a black 7-shirt, tight jeans, and a rubber apron and gloves.

He pulled a huge skull from the vat. Ted moved closer for a

better view.

"You stay back," Jocko said. "This here's mighty strong acid. Burn the skin right off your bones."

He spotted Dixie. "Hey Dixie darlin'. What's shakin'. honey?"

"Jocko, cut it out with the honey stuff," Dixie said. "This here's Lottie and Ted. Just hired 'em on."

"Whatcha doin'?" Ted asked, still standing too close to the steaming vats.

"This here'll be the Three-Headed Abominable Snowman," Jocko said. "Guaranteed to make this place a big hit. Right, Dixie darling?" he said with a wink.

"Jocko's kind of Ike's assistant," said Dixie. "His right-hand man."

"Meah. I do what his right hand don't. eh Dixie." Jocko said as he gave Dixie a quick pat on her behind. Dixie tried to appear offended and shot Jocko a quick look as she herded Lottie and Ted out the door.

Lottie knew firsthand how initial impressions could be misleading. She liked to give people the benefit of the doubt. But with Jocko she

couldn't help herself. This was one slimy weasel.

"That Jocko's always fooling around," Dixie said. "But he's a good worker. He'll set you up a tent for your show." Then she took them to what she called their "temporary quarters," a musty, run-down, old carnival trailer.

"Just like home." Lottie observed.

"You all get settled then we'll jaw some more later." Dixie said. She headed back toward the "Kill-a-Commie" shooting gallery.

Mother and son sat quietly on the trailer's stoop. Lottie spoke first. "I know what you're thinkin'. This here ain't exactly a first-rate operation, honey." Ted nodded.

"But, you know," she said. "It's about the best we can get under the circumstances." She turned and looked him straight in the eyes, furrowing her brow. It made Ted squirm and glance away. "I don't know where else we could go," she said while reaching out and lifting Ted's chin. She intensified her gaze. "I'm hoping we can stay here for a long time if it's all right by you?"

Ted looked down. "Long time, Momma."



ENTER THIS MACABRE MIDWAY AT YOUR PERL.

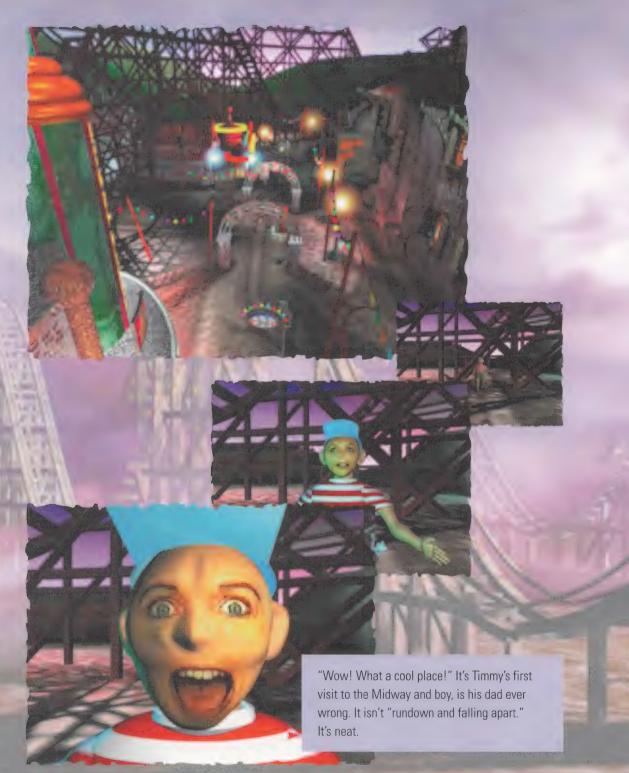
WHILE YOU WILL MARVEL AT ITS ATTRACTIONS,

KNOW THAT YOUR LIFE IS ALWAYS AT RISK.

YOU WILL EXPERIENCE DECEIT, DISEASE,

BUT, REMEMBER, YOU ARE HERE TO HAVE FIN.

AFTER ALL THIS IS AN AMUSEMENT PARK



ALL ARTWORK COURTESY OF JIM LUDTKE AND THE CRYPTIC CORPORATION UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.



Timmy lives in a ten-year-old's vivid fantasy world. Perhaps that's why the phrase-spouting Madame Mandrake seems to be such a wise fortune teller. "A bird in the hand comes in a small package," the mechanical soothsayer tells him.

He barely knows where to begin. A stunningly beautiful and mysterious-looking woman, sporting numerous tattoos on her very exposed flesh, catches his eye. "Cool-looking lady," Timmy thinks. "Wish my mom wore clothes like that." He turns right and follows her into the Midway.

They pass the Three-Headed Abominable Snowman Skeleton exhibit, but it looks closed.



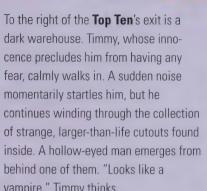


Timmy's attention is diverted by the **Eye of the Maniac**: a fun house mirror unlike any he's seen. "Cool!" Most everyone has this same reaction, except for Ted, another Midway maven, who avoids this mirror for fear of what he may see in it.

Across the way is **Torture's Top Ten**. Timmy hasn't seen a guillotine before, but the one on top of this exhibit looks scary. He hops on the ride. What he sees frightens him, but he's not sure why.



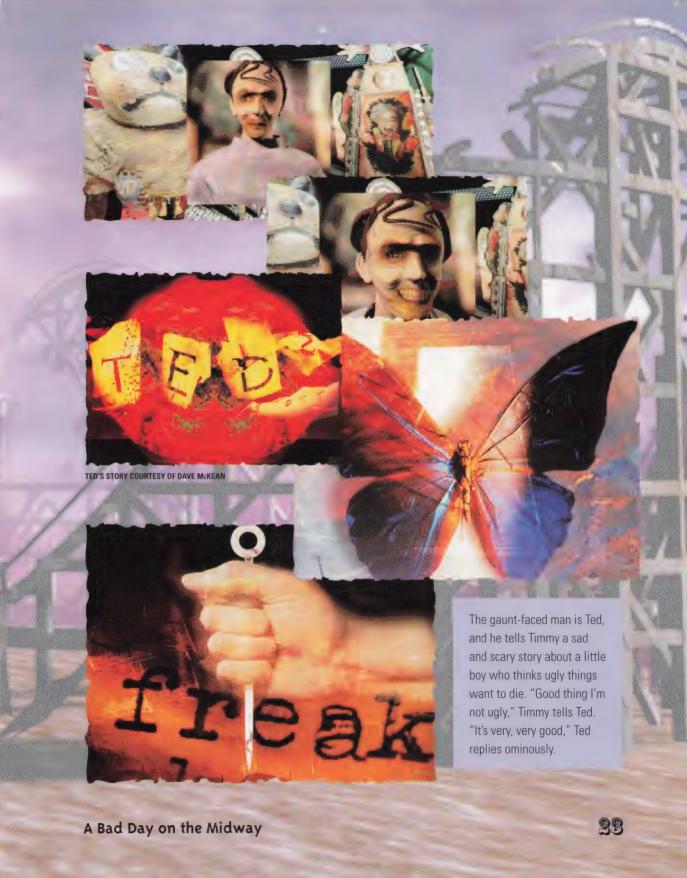




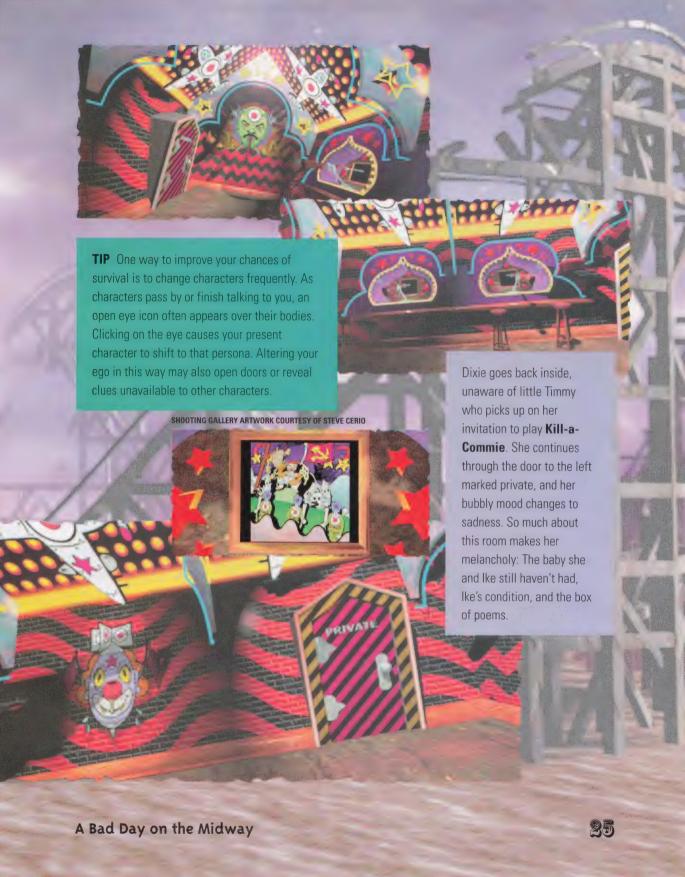


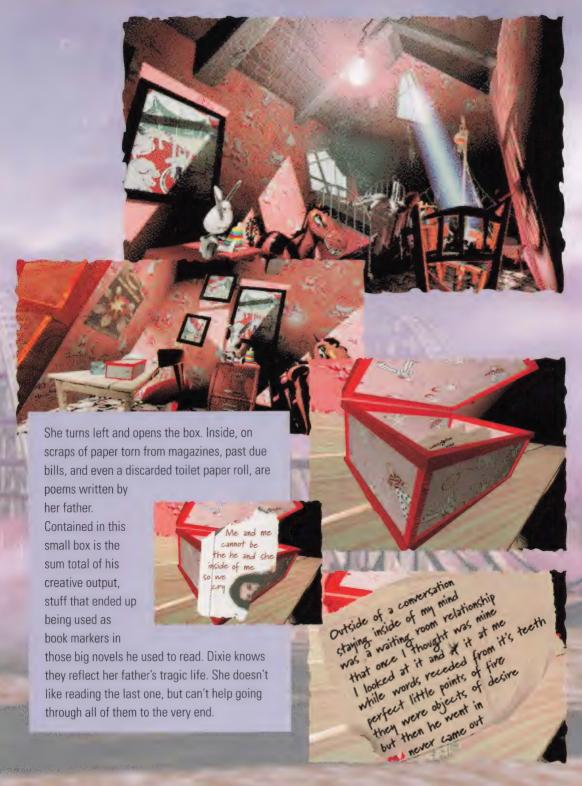


WAREHOUSE ARTWORK COURTESY OF POE DISMUKE









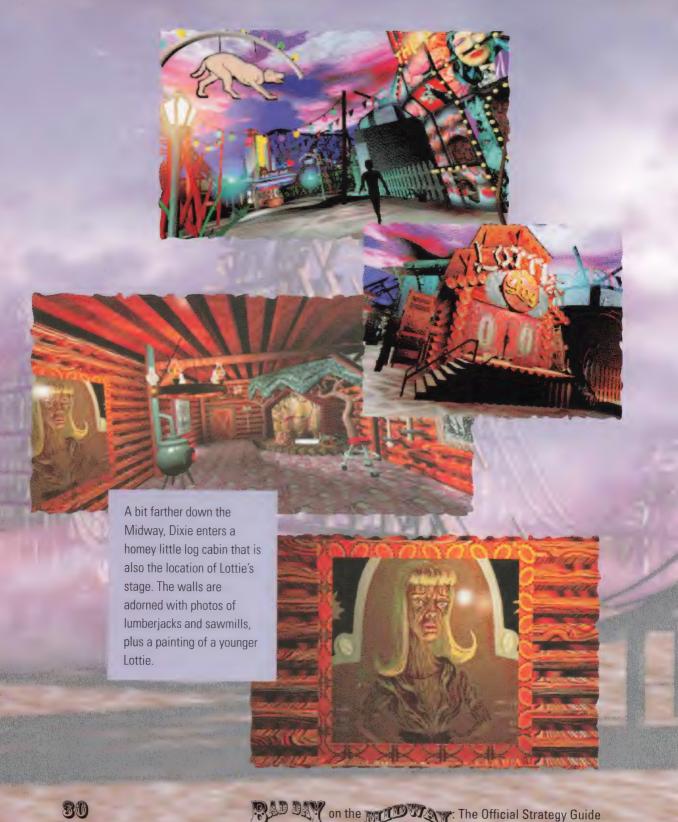


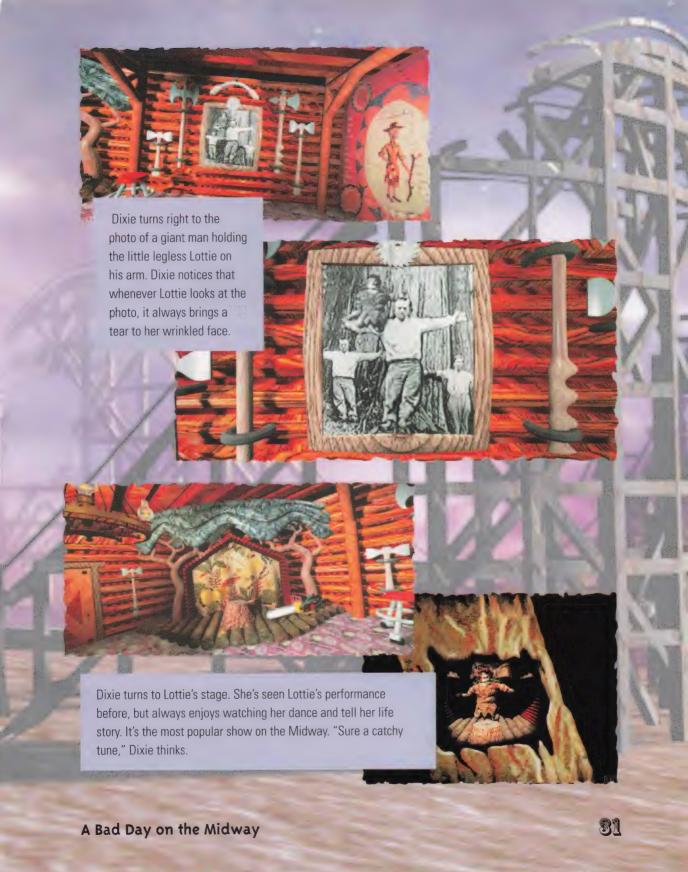
COMA MAN'S DREAM COURTESY OF BILL DOMONKOS

unhappy childhood.













LOTTIE'S STORY COURTESY OF GEORGANNE DEEN



After the performance they talk about the Coma Man. Despite her devotion, Dixie's loyalty is wavering. "Seven lonely days makes one more lonely week," she tells Lottie.



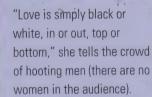








DAGMAR'S STORY COURTESY OF PAUL MAVRIDES



Timmy doesn't know what she means, but when she turns her back to the audience and shows them the tattoo of a Chihuahua on her behind, Timmy feels a tingling sensation unlike any he has felt before. Then Dagmar disappears behind the curtain. "Wow, what a great place!" Timmy says out loud.







Oscar is my best friend, Otto thinks, and so he tells the red-headed rat that his real name is Arnold, that in his childhood he used to be the brunt of bullies' jokes, and that he didn't like being married to a loud wife with a louder baby.

I T-TRIED ALL

K-KINDS OF J-JOBS ...



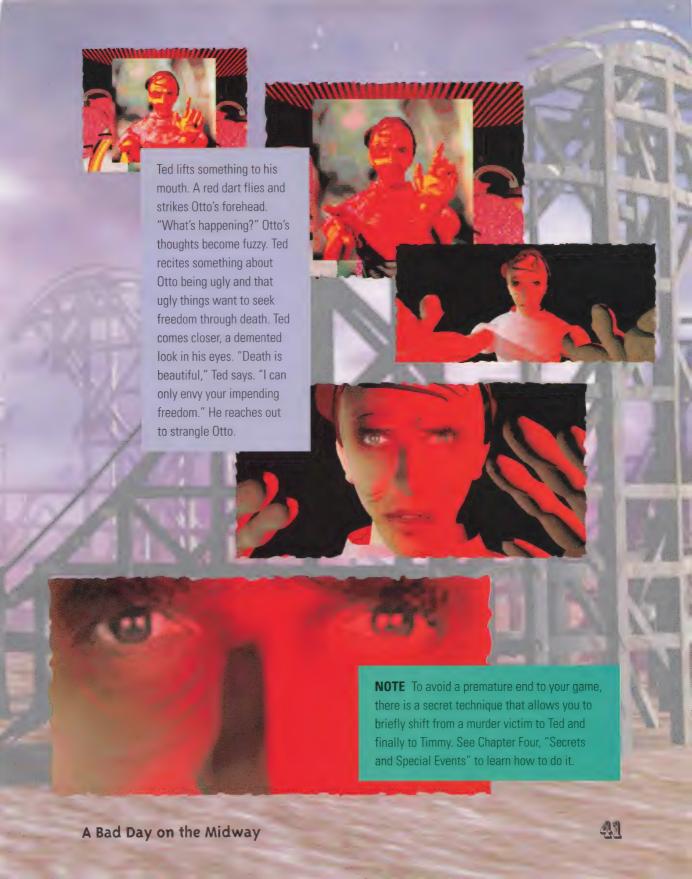
Failing to hold too many jobs, he finally ran from the marriage, changed his name, and took a job as a janitor on lke's Midway where he soon became the operator of the **Racing Rat** booth.

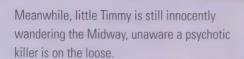


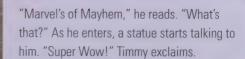
Otto enjoys petting Oscar, but this time Oscar seems agitated. The red-headed rodent squirms in his hands, bites Otto, and runs off into the Midway.

OTTO'S STORY COURTESY OF PETER KUPER









The statue tells Timmy that he's lke, the owner of the Midway. He seems very enthusiastic and talks about "pansy sniffers." Timmy likes pansies. Then lke gets real excited. "There's only one word that works in this world, and that word is POWERRRR!"





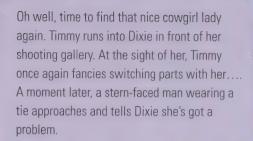
MARVELS OF MAYHEM PAINTINGS COURTESY OF LEIGH BARBIER

All right! This has got to be a great ride, Timmy thinks. It's got tanks, guns, and jeeps, plus cool gunfire sound effects, flashing lights, and POWERRRR!

China, 1938



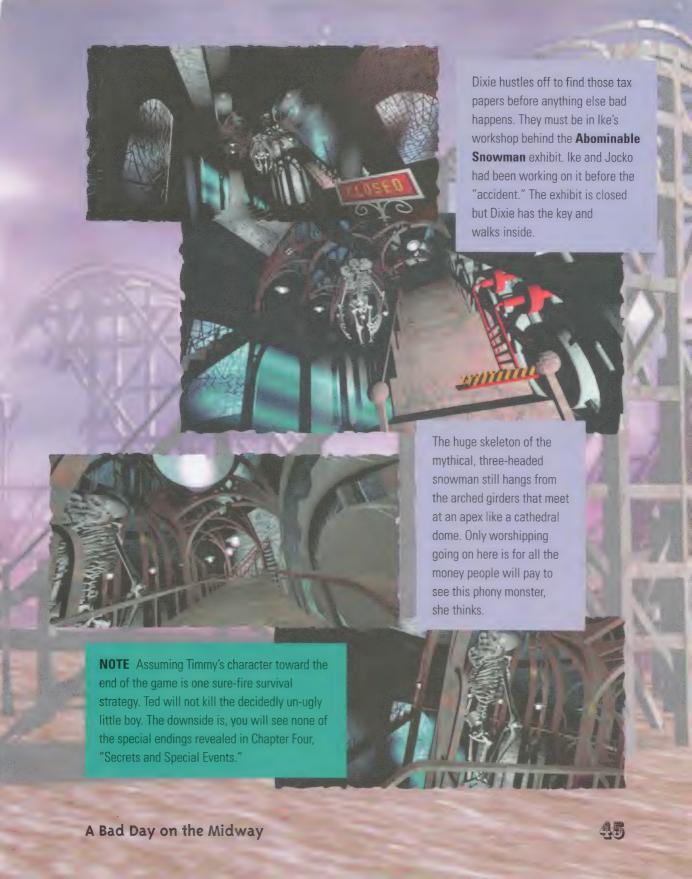
The ride spins rapidly for a moment then stops abruptly in front of a large, wild painting. "Carnivorous canines scourge crumbling China," Ike's voice states. This happens a bunch of times. It sure seems scary, but Timmy wonders what it has to do with power?

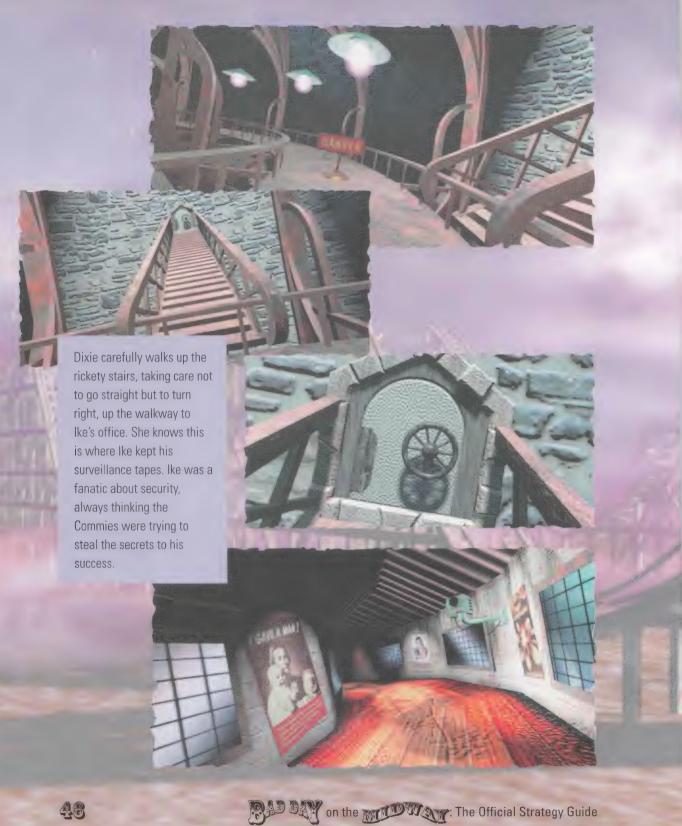


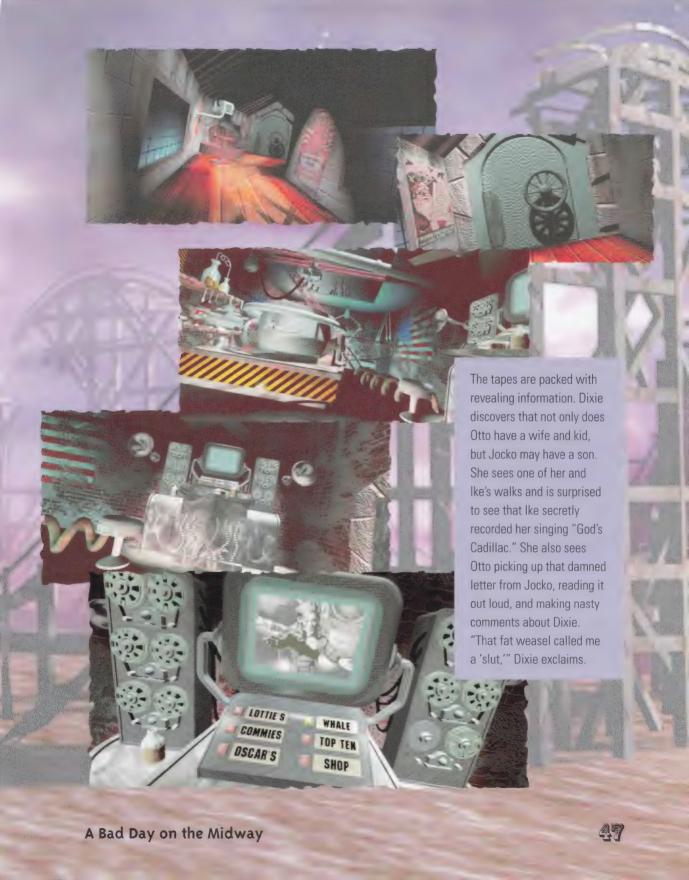
No kidding, buster, she thinks and tells the man that lke, her husband is sick in bed with a "bad coma," that her shooting gallery is almost out of ammo, and that she's too broke to buy any more.

The man says he's sorry to hear about all that, but he's from the IRS, and tells Dixie she has a tax problem. If she can't find her tax records within the next two hours, he'll have to shut the Midway down. Ike would know what to do. But Ike's in a coma. And now here comes that Dagmar, whose always making nasty comments about Dixie's "rigor mortis" man.

Something's wrong, though. Look at Dagmar's face! It's covered with red blotches. As Dagmar stumbles toward Dixie, she rolls her eyes back in her head and moans, "Who'll take care of Huck and Chuck?" Then she collapses in a heap, dead at Dixie's feet. This is unreal. Dagmar is dead. The Midway's falling apart!







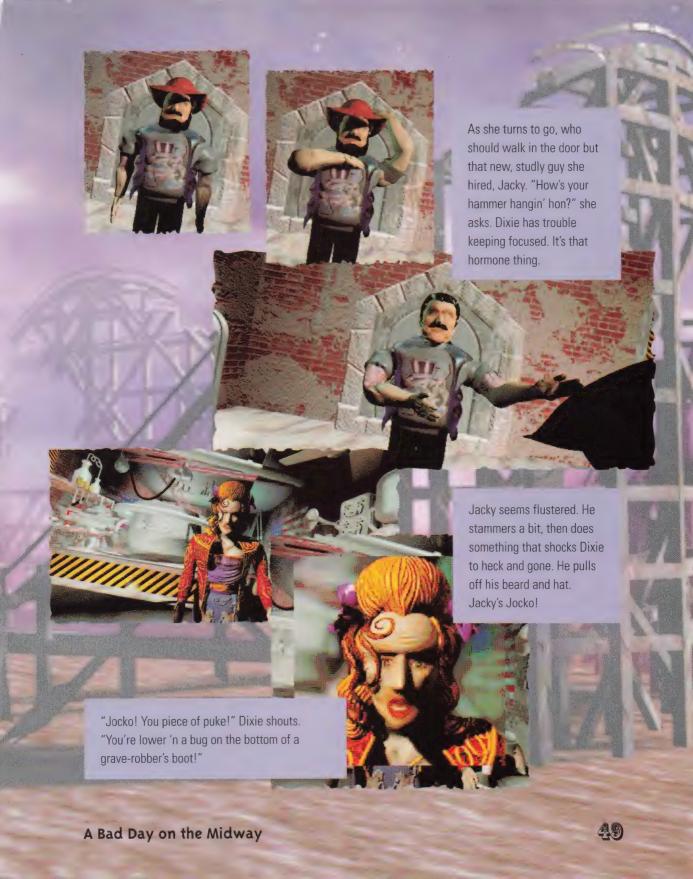
Still no tax papers. She turns around and walks to lke's library.



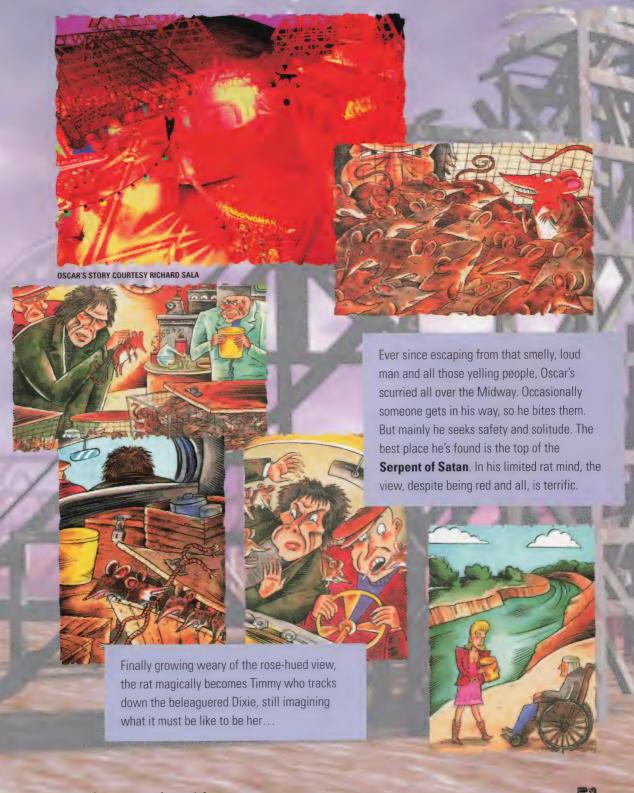


No time to rummage through the books. Never did much like lke's reading material anyhow, she thinks. And again, no tax papers.









Dixie barely has a moment to consider her dire circumstances, when up comes that slime-ball Jocko. At first, she doesn't notice the red blotches. "You better be out the door 'cause we don't want you here no more," she says. Jocko doesn't seem to notice. He gags, gives out a gut wrenching gasp, and crumbles dead on the ground.

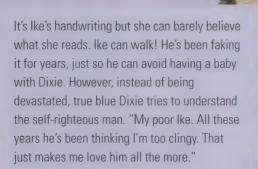
Dixie, being Dixie, feels a moment of remorse. Ike had never fulfilled his marital responsibilities due to his infirmity so Dixie had to turn to someone else who would share the bed with her. And now that someone, is dead. But Jocko tried to kill lke, so her sorrow passes quickly.



Dixie's best friend, Lottie, is approaching. What's she doing out here? She should be resting up for her next show. Then Dixie sees those red blotches that seem to be affecting everyone on the Midway. "The plague's got me," Lottie says weakly. "What's my poor boy going to do without his momma?" Lottie. Precious as pumpkin pie. Dead. Dixie's mind reels at this tragic turn of events.

Before it has a chance to totally overwhelm her, the pressing matter of the Midway's future drives her to continue looking for those tax papers. Only one place left to look: the **Sperm Whale**. This was one of lke's most popular exhibits. But after the whale's tail fell off and people discovered it was fake, lke was forced to close it down. Maybe he put the papers here, Dixie wonders.





She rushes from the sperm whale exhibit heading for the shooting gallery.

In her exhilaration she forgets about the IRS Man. His appearance rattles her reverie. We're shut down for sure, she thinks. But he, too, has the plague. Dixie can barely make out the dying man's words. "Others will come to take my place," he gasps. "You can't kill the government." Seemed like such a hard-working man, too. Dixie thinks.

NOTE To move quickly along the Midway or through several exhibits, hold down the left mouse button. You will pause only momentarily at each attraction and not risk contact, good or evil, with any Midway inhabitant or visitor.



NOTE When Ted commits suicide in the game, all the other characters are already dead. There's no one left to see him die. But the images and the concept are so gruesome and cool, we didn't want to deprive you of this demented pleasure. Once you've played the game as often as we have, you'll understand why.

As she makes her way past Lottie's now eerily empty log cabin, she's startled to spot Ted in front of the **Eye of the Maniac**. He's always made a point of avoiding it. Now he's staring into it and talking to it. "You are ugly," he says. "Ugly in the feelings found in your soul." Turning, Ted gazes up at the guillotine on **Torture's Top Ten**. He climbs to the roof, ties a rope to an overhang, slips the noose around his neck, says "Good-bye my friend," and jumps off. Dixie hears Ted's neck snap like a piece of fresh celery.



Dixie can't take it any more. She stumbles into Ike's bedroom. Weeping, she apologizes for being too clingy. "I'm sorry baby, I just want to be with you that's all," she tells her comatose husband. Somehow Ike's brain must register Dixie's sincerity. With a groan, he sits up. Dixie reaches for his hands. "Ike you do want to be with me after all," she says. "Even though we got tax problems, and plague, and psycho killers and everything, I know it's gonna be all right."

As Ike comes to, they hear a familiar song on the radio. It's the one Dixie recorded and sent to a record company.

Turns out they sent Dixie a fat check for it, but in her confusion about finances, she thought it was a bill. Ike looks at it and realizes that it's more than enough to build a whole new park.



The happy couple heads to the park entrance where they meet little Timmy. Ike can hardly contain himself. "I can see it all now," he says. "Kiddy Klan Kountry! We'll build it in Idaho. All the kids can put on white hoods and robes when they enter the park...."

As Ike and Dixie leave, Timmy takes one more look back at the Midway. "Wow! What a cool place. I have to come back here tomorrow." As he happily hops off, storm clouds break open, spilling a gray curtain over the crumbling Midway.



CCCCO MIDWAY ATTRACTIONS EXHIBITS

AS THE PLAYER OF BAD DAY ON THE MIDWAY,

ALL THE MIDWAY ATTRACTIONS

ARE FOR YOUR VISUAL AND AURAL AMUSEMENT ONLY.

YOU DO NOT HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER THEM:

SOME ARE RIDES WITH VIDEO CLIPS AND ARTWORK,

AND OTHERS REVEAL THE LIFE STORIES

OF THE MIDWAY'S INHABITANTS

INT THEMS CHARPING THE MOWAY

THE EXHIBITS ARE LISTED IN ORDER

COING OF ACCUMING ANY ON THE MIDWAY



MADAME MANDRAKE

Many computer games have built-in hint systems. This mechanical fortuneteller's eerie combination of cryptic clues, however, creates even more confusion in what is already a complex plotline. She has a tendency to randomly combine popular phrases and old wives' tales. A lot of fun, but not much help really.

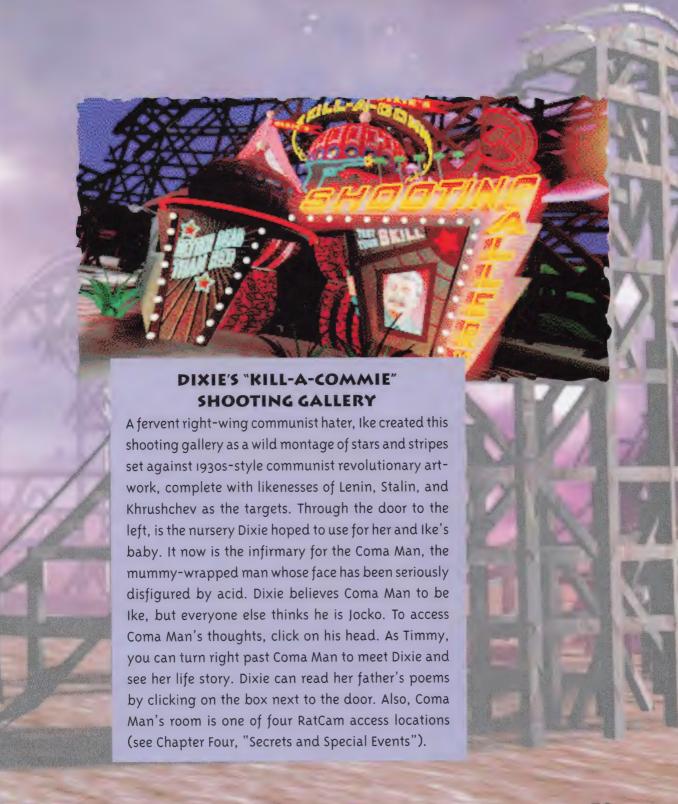
THE WAREHOUSE

Sitting in the center of the Midway, the old warehouse is used for storage of

> Midway props. Inside are full-size, cut-out sculptures of strange-looking characters. As you wander through the cutouts, you will likely encounter someone evil, maybe even deadly. Only Timmy can be certain of his safety here (he's safe virtually everywhere). The

warehouse is where only he can learn of Ted's life story.





SPERM WHALE GIVING BIRTH TO AN ELECTRIC EEL

Considered to be one of Ike's finest attractions, this exhibit was closed when the whale's tail fell off, revealing that the marine giant was made out of plaster and not a "real stuffed whale" as Ike had claimed. Lining the wall are fish tanks, with water long since drained out, containing dead deep-sea creatures. This exhibit is also where Ike

hid his diary. Be careful when walking up the ladder into the broken whale's tail—depending on who you are, you might hurt yourself. You can also access the RatCam here (see Chapter Four, "Secrets and Special Events").





"SERPENT OF SATAN" ROLLER-COASTER (CLOSED)

With the exception of a momentary viewpoint during the RatCam experience, you do not have access to this ride. In fact, it's only barely visible as you wander the Midway. We mention it for historic pur-

poses. The cars of this ride were designed to look like snakes. When they sped down from the top, they entered a huge devil's mouth at the bottom. Ike doesn't have the money to bring it back up to code. In his mind, code compliance regulations are a communist conspiracy anyway.



WOMAN'S THEATER

Another one of Ike's creations, the exterior is designed around the same motifs as Dagmar's personal attire: snarling Dobermans and red meat. Dagmar wanders the Midway wearing a similarly adorned cape and matching leather skirt and bra.

To see her show and life story, assume a male persona and enter her tent. If it's late in the game, seeing Dagmar's show puts you at risk of dying at the hands of the psycho killer. Also, Dagmar's theater is the only way to access the IRS Man's life story (see Chapter Four, "Secrets and Special Events"). And don't forget to check out the hidden peephole.

IKE'S "MARVELS OF MAYHEM" MERRY-GO-ROUND

Another of Ike's designs, this carousel was dedicated to the destructive forces of war. Children ride small tanks, jeeps, and helicopters and sit behind cannons, machine guns, and other weapons. Large murals of auspicious armed conflict adorn the walls. Anyone may take a ride. It's a safe location with no possibility of death.

OSCAR, THE RACING RAT

The flashiest exhibit on the Midway, "Oscar, the Racing Rat" is a variation on roulette in which the sucker first places a bet on a number and then Oscar is dropped in the center of a large, rotating, sunken cylinder. The winner is determined by which hole the bewildered and dizzy Oscar enters. The prize is a huge,

stuffed toy rat covered with dayglo fake fur.

This is the only location where you can see Otto's life story. After a few hours of game time have passed, click on Otto to enter the exhibit. If the rat appears you'll see Otto's graphic novel. The best way to see the game is as Timmy since he interacts with Otto. (By the way, Otto has rigged the game.)



LOTTIE. THE HUMAN LOG'S CABIN

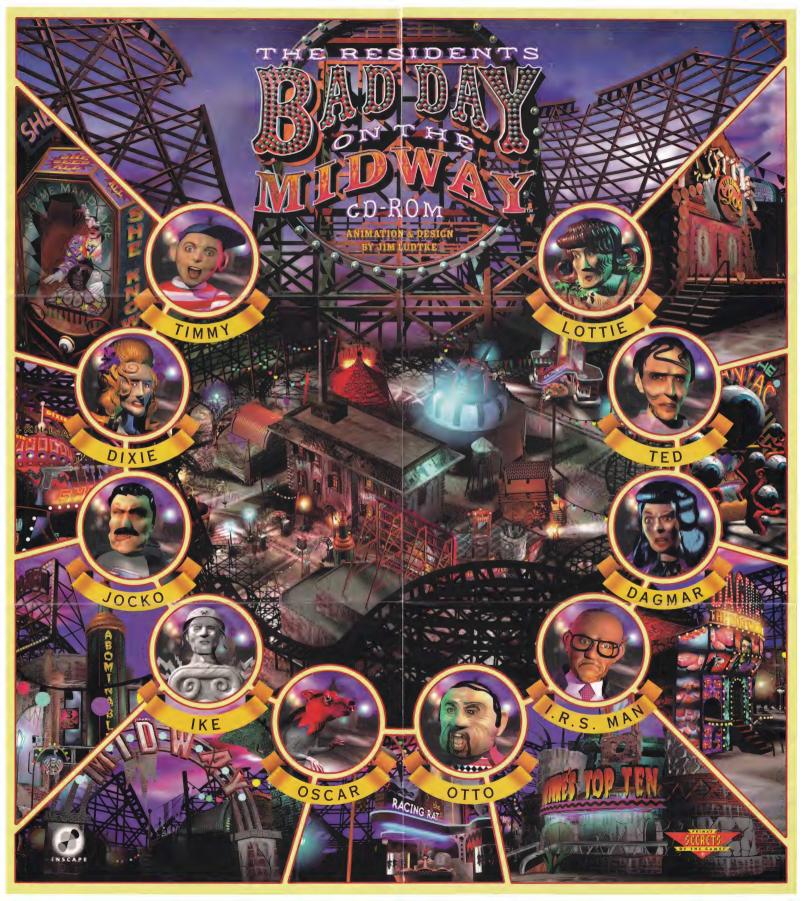
Lottie's cabin is a cozy, comfortable venue for Lottie's unique performances. Historic photos of loggers and saw mills cover the walls. The stage features a large stump on which Lottie does her dance. To



see Lottie's performance and life story, simply go to her stage and click.

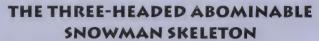
You can not visit Lottie's room, but Ted's is open. Timmy can go in the back room and see Ted's butterfly collection. When doing so, Timmy will also learn something about Ted. Ted's room also allows you to access the RatCam and contains a secret purloined

videotape. Only Jocko can watch Ted's videotape, and he can do so only near the end of the game (see Chapter Four, "Secrets and Special Events"). Needless to say, doing so has dire consequences.



EYE OF THE MANIAC

Not your normal fun-house mirror, the "Eye of the Maniac" offers a distorted and animated view of yourself. For all but one character such a view is only a minor diversion. But for one, it's most disturbing (see Chapter Four, "Secrets and Special Events").



Ike thought this exhibit would prove to be his masterpiece. He was in the process of creating it from large animal bones and sulfuric acid when he apparently died in the "accident." Signs indicate that it is off-

limits, and ignoring one of them leads to an untimely death.

Up the stairs to the right and a bit farther along on a gangplank, is another stairway going off to the right to Ike's workshop. The hallway is plastered with politically incorrect posters. As you enter the workshop turn right; there you will find Ike's security video recording

system. Here you can also access Ike's books, see Jocko's acid-vat flashback, learn Jackie's true identity, and access the RatCam (see Chapter Four, "Secrets and Special Events").



COOCO SECRETS AND SPECIAL EVENTS

UNLIKE STANDARD ADVENTURE GAMES,

AND THRE ARE NO SECIAL KEY-STROKE COMBINATIONS

THAT WILL REVEAL SCREEN SHOTS OF THE PROGRAMMERS PETS.

BUT THERE ARE SEVERAL HIDDEN OR HARD-TO-FIND ITEMS.

SOME ENDINGS ARE DIFFICULT TO REACH.

AND SOME STRATEGIES CAN ENHANCE

THEY ARE ALL EXPLAINED IN THIS CHAPTER.

DIN'T THE YOUR PRIMAS ABOUT THIS ENDINE.

GENERAL PLAYING TIPS

Pssst. Don't tell Madame Mandrake, but the following tips are meant to help you improve your playing skills.

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

Time moves forward at varying speeds depending on who you are and where you go:

The game notes the passing of time with a gong and the appearance of a clock in the upper part of the screen. But not all passing hours are noted. You may suddenly jump ahead two to four hours. And the appearance of the clock indicates only what time it is, not that time has just changed.



- Time passes in a decidedly Residents-like fashion, that is, in a nearly undefinable and certainly irregular way.
- The game begins at 1:00 PM. The clock moves forward when you enter and leave buildings. Time outside is usually an odd number; time inside is usually even.
- Pagmar is an exception. If you become her, time does not change when you go in and out of a building. Rather, if the time is an even number when you become her, then thirty seconds of real time will advance the game clock one hour. If the time is odd, it will take four minutes of actual playing time to advance the game clock one hour...usually. There is one exception when Dagmar has lots of thoughts, but the randomness of the game precludes us from stating with certainty when that will happen. Are you confused yet? We are.
- If you stay Timmy for a long time at the beginning, you will remain safe from death and can learn a lot about Ted, Dixie, and the Coma Man. However, time will pass quickly since you are moving in and out of buildings a lot.

- To slow things down, change to some other character early in the game and meet people outside.
- Making time move forward quickly by going in and out of attractions can come in handy toward the end, since speeding time up can give you access to previously closed attractions or help you reach an elusive conclusion more quickly.
- Pad Day on the Midway sometimes seems to have a life of its own. If you should stop playing for a while without pausing the game, time continues to pass by. If you're Timmy, he may suddenly remember his violin lesson and run home, thus ending the game.

SAVING YOUR GAME

It is a good idea to save your game after the passing of every couple of game-time hours. Save under a different name each time so you can always come back to that previous time. The saved game files record all previous character encounters and thoughts, so none will be repeated when you restart.

As a way to demonstrate the sublime randomness of **Bad Day**, try saving a game and restarting it several times. There is a strong likelihood that the encounters you have upon restarting will differ each time. And you wonder why our walk-through had to be so general!

BECOMING A SPECIFIC CHARACTER

Sometimes you know you want to change to a particular character. If it's 5:00 PM or before, you can go to the **Racing Rat** booth and become Otto. You may see Otto's story, but in any event you will eventually be able to look from Otto's booth to the Midway.



Help menu for the PC▲ and Mac ▼ platforms



Stand in the booth and wait for the character you're looking for to walk by. This is a better way to find someone early in the game rather than simply wandering around the Midway. Of course, as Otto you can't always get their attention.

FINDING AND AVOIDING DEATH

Getting killed on the Midway is easy. But avoiding your ultimate doom, that's another story...

BEING MURDERED BY TED

Experiencing death vicariously is certainly much better than the real thing. To die at the hands of the Midway's psycho killer enter **Dagmar's theater**,



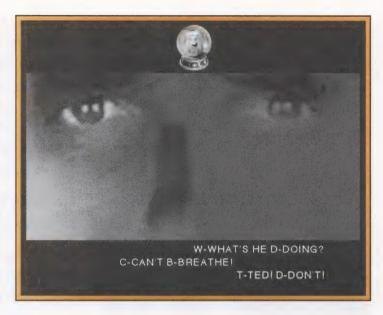
the Warehouse, the Sperm Whale exhibit, or Torture's Top Ten. Either during your visit or as you exit there is about a 50 to 75 percent chance that terrible Ted will cross your path. If so, you are a dead person. Therefore, save your game before entering these locations. (Of course, if you're Timmy, Ted will not kill you).

Ted kills you by first shooting a poison dart in your forehead and then strangling you with his bare hands. As the drug kicks in, he recites his murder mantra. Here it is in its entirety. (Warning: We accept no blame if you find yourself repeating his parting phrase, "Death is beautiful.")

I'm sure you have no idea why I'm subjecting you to this seemingly cruel and heartless death. Please understand I take no personal pleasure from the infliction of pain but I do abhor ugliness. And you are ugly. Ugly in the feelings found in your soul. Ugly in the thoughts that make up your mind. Ugly in the aches that you hold in your heart. But I will liberate you from all this ugliness. I will deliver the peace and serenity unavailable in this cesspool of slime we call a world. It won't last long and... please, feel free to let your mind scream. Death is beautiful. I can only envy your impending freedom. Good-bye my friend. Good-bye.

ON BECOMING TED

Bad Day enhances the vicarious death experience by letting you see the final moments of your life. After Ted has plunked you with his red dart, and just as his face fully fills the screen, click right between his eyes. You will see two images of yourself as you die. Pretty wild. Then you will automatically become Timmy, who doesn't have a clue as to what just happened.



AVOIDING RED RAT PLAGUE DEATH

Oscar can infect you with Red Rat Plague once he's escaped from Otto, and he can escape without you knowing it. He's usually on the loose after 5:00 PM or so. The plague is caused by an airborne virus so you won't know the moment when it infects you, but that will become clear when your character starts having sickness thoughts. Something like: "I feel strange. I think I have a fever." This is a good time to save your game. You need to become another character soon. Within a couple minutes of infection, the screen will start turning red. A couple more minutes and the game is over.



SURVIVAL STRATEGY

When the game time reaches ten or eleven o'clock, save your game. Now begin experimenting. Keep tabs on your health. If you start having "sickness thoughts," jump into whoever is alive at that point and see what

happens. You will probably start seeing the other characters, besides Timmy, start dying in front of you or know that they've already died at the hands of psycho killer Ted. If you can account for all the characters' deaths (see the section "Ending Scenarios" below for exceptions), your ending scenario should soon begin.

If instead you jump into Timmy at 10:00 PM (he's unavailable after 10:00 PM) you are guaranteed to survive to the finish. However, you'll miss out on all the other juicy conclusions, outlined below.

INTRIGUING ITEMS & DIFFICULT-TO-FIND STORIES

A checklist for the curious and the night owls.



IKE'S DIARY

Only Dixie can find Ike's diary. It's in the broken tail of the sperm whale, and that attraction is open to Dixie only at 11:00 PM (the time advances to 12:00 PM when she enters the whale attraction). To find the diary, walk to the back, past the whale, turn right, turn right again, and walk to the stairs inside the whale. Turn right again and walk up the stairs. The diary is to the left at the top of the stairs. Click on it twice to get a full screen view. Here are the entries from the page Dixie reads:

October 4—That fool Otto almost caught me out of the wheelchair today. Damn wheel got caught in a crack in the pavement and I had to get out and push to get it loose. It seemed safe enough—it was early and no one was around—then that fat fool came around the corner just as I sat back down. That weasly little rat is always sneaking around.

October 6—Jocko knows I have secrets. Lots of secrets but none is more important than this sham of being a pathetic and helpless cripple. If only they knew how 57RONG AND POWERFUL I really am and why it is so important for me to preserve my strength!

October 9—Poor Dixie! She would get so upset if she knew that I've been able to walk for years. Of course she would immediately start blubbering and attempt to snare me in a web of weak and pathetic emotion. I CAN'T ALLOW MY STRENGTH 70 BE SUCKED AWAY!!

October 12—Children! That's all she talks about! But can't she see how they suck, suck, suck away all your strength. And I need my strength to FIGHT FOR THE TRUTH! Deceit and depravity is right in front of everyone's eyes and NOBODY SEES 17! And once all has been revealed they'll know that I was right all along! And, of course they probably won't even thank me!!

Any other character who enters the **Sperm Whale** exhibit can wander around at will. However, no one but Dixie can successfully climb to the top of the stairs. Only she knows where the light switch is. All others will receive an electric shock and fall off the stairs. The fall will **not** cause any serious injuries. As Dixie departs from the attraction, there is a 10 percent chance Ted will kill her. Save the game before entering.

DIXIE'S DAD'S POEMS AND SUICIDE NOTE

If you followed our walk-through in Chapter Two, you know that Dixie's dad's poems are in a box on a table that you'll find to the left, just after you enter the door marked "private" inside the **Shooting Gallery**. There are about twenty poems in the box. We suggest reading all of them. They paint a searing picture of this tragic figure. We've selected a representative sampling.

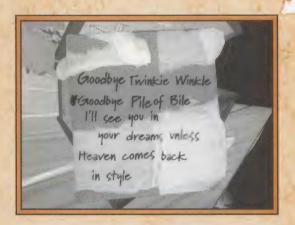
He's occasionally clever. That's what she said. Occasionally clever. I'd rather be dead. And never clever instead.

It comes in my dream The snake shark filthy eel thing Slithering in my mind and Wrapping itself around me As it tightens until I scream its name and we both explode leaving a sticky residue I call it CumBoy and it sucks my soul.

The wings of a sparrow are open in flight. But the wings of the wicked are hidden in spite of what we seed and what we sow what we eat will never grow.

No! No! It's not again! No! Go away! You disgusting Creep Creeping Deep Out of a crack in my mind Please leave Me a lonely drunk Who's only a little Peculiar please.

The poems appear in a random order. There are about twenty poems but you will probably need more than one viewing to see them all since they stop displaying once Dixie's dad's suicide poem appears:

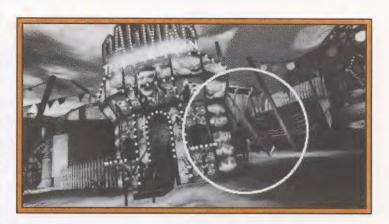


Fitting the tone of Bad Day, this last poem is written on a toilet paper roll with one sheet still attached.

PEEPHOLE AT DAGMAR'S THEATER

Little boys are not allowed in Dagmar's theater. Additionally, from about six hours into the game to its completion, entering Dagmar's theater leads to

death at the hands and dart of Ted about 75 percent of the time. To avoid death or the invisible bouncer at the door, you can view Dagmar's show through a peephole. It's easy to find. As you face the theater entrance, click on the right side of the screen. Then click on the peephole and the show will begin. We recommend that you stick around to the "end."



IKE'S SPEECH IN MARVELS OF MAYHEM

This is not a secret location but Ike's comments are so endearing we want to include them here for posterity. To hear them firsthand, simply enter **Marvels of Mayhem** and a holographic image of Ike will greet you with the following speech:

Hi! I'm Ike, the owner of the Midway. And it's my pleasure to introduce you to the miracles of modern warfare. The only ones left are you tykes who sense that only the real truth lies in strength. You're the ones that recognize the odor of weakness spreading from the pansy sniffers who live from one contemptible compromise to the next. All the while watching their world decay into words that always say "I'm sorry Bobby, I'm sorry." Well sorry's not good enough kids! There's only one word that works in this world, and that word is POWERER! And the pathway to power is always the Marvels of Mayhem!

RATCAM LOCATIONS

Without a ride on the RatCam, your Midway experience would not be complete. The ride is worth the price of admission and can be accessed by clicking on Oscar when you see him jumping around in any of the following four locations:



Ike's workshop—Enter the Abominable Snowman attraction. Go up the stairs, along the gang plank, up the next set of stairs to the right, through the hallway, and into the workshop. Then continue straight to the back. Oscar will be playing on a conveyor belt.

Sperm Whale—Oscar is in the broken aquarium in the back, on the right-hand side of the room. Simply go to the back wall and turn right. Oscar should briefly jump into view.





Ted's room—Ted's domicile is in the back of Lottie's log cabin. After entering the cabin continue forward and go through the door on the back wall. Continue straight ahead and into Ted's room. Turn right and the rat will appear on Ted's bed and then jump on a box.



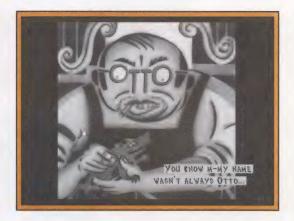
Coma Man's room—Go through the door marked "private" in the shooting gallery, turn left to face the box of poems, and if Oscar is out, he'll be dancing on the hobby horse's head on the right side of the screen.

NOTE You can access the RatCam only after Oscar has bitten Otto and escaped. That can happen without your knowledge, but if the game time is after five o'clock, Oscar should be on the loose.

DIFFICULT-TO-FIND LIFE STORIES

The following is a list of life stories that reveal themselves only to the brave of heart and patient player:

Otto's story—This is accessible only at 5:00 PM game time. Typically you are in a building when it is four o'clock, so upon leaving, go directly to the Racing Rat attraction and become Otto. You will see Oscar and then you will tell your pet rat your life story. When completed, Oscar will bite you and run off. (Otto art courtesy of Peter Kuper.)





Oscar, the Red Rat—Find one of four RatCam locations (see above) where Oscar is jumping around, click on him, and take a RatCam ride to his story. (Oscar art courtesy of Richard Sala.)



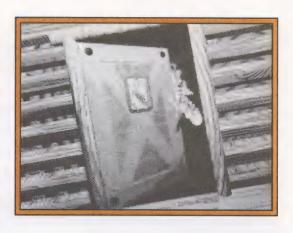
IRS Man—To see the IRS Man's life story he and Dagmar must be the only survivors. You must assume the IRS Man's character then enter Dagmar's tent. (IRS Man art courtesy of Doug Fraser.)

NOTE If you don't have sufficient patience and don't mind spoiling all the fun, every life story is accessible in the credits. Simply call up the menu, click on exit, click on quit to credits, then scroll through the credits to the character whose life story you want to see and click on it. This feature was included by the Residents to give the graphic artists who created the stories an opportunity to show them to their mothers. Don't abuse this privilege.



LOTTIE'S DOOR

You can access Lottie's door by going through the door on your left as you face her stage. As you enter this short hallway, Ted's door is straight ahead. Lottie's is to the right. If you click on the door, Lottie may answer, but she'll never let you in. She works hard and likes to take naps between shows. Lottie never leaves her cabin—except to die of the plague in front of you. This is why you can never become Lottie. Besides, she walks funny.



WHERE ARE IKE'S TAX RECORDS??? WHERE IS THE GOLD???

Neither exists. Ike didn't believe in taxes. Something about the Trilateral Commission and Chairman Mao. Sorry. And the gold is just another of the tall tales he liked telling the gullible Jocko. Of course, while Ike was fooling Jocko, Jocko was fooling around with Ike's wife.

SECRETS IN THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN EXHIBIT

The **Abominable Snowman** is packed with intriguing stuff. You can see the sights here in virtually any order, but the following is the recommended routing if you arrive as either Dixie or Jacky/Jocko.

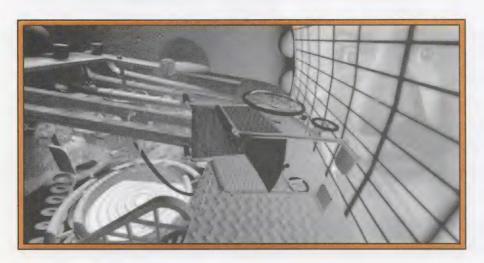
JACKY REVEALS TRUE IDENTITY

Jacky, who looks familiar to just about everyone who sees him, is, of course, Jocko. He reveals his true identity to Dixie only in Ike's workshop, and this can take place only after Jacky and Dixie meet on the Midway (this takes place at 5:00 PM on the game clock) and Dixie gives him a job.

The workshop is located inside the unfinished **Abominable Snowman** attraction. As you enter the building, go up the stairs to the right, walk along the gang plank and turn up another set of stairs to the right. Go through the door, down a hallway with a few **America: Right or Wrong**-style posters, and go through another door to the workshop. Enter the workshop either as Jacky or Dixie. If you're Dixie, you need to turn around and face the door. At the very least this encounter is worth the effort simply to see and hear Dixie's reaction.

JOCKO'S FLASHBACK

After Jacky/Jocko totally ticks off Dixie when he discloses that he is not Jacky (see "Jacky reveals true identity" above) become or stay in Jocko's character and wait for Dixie to walk off, then click on the huge vat of acid in front of you. A brief animation will take place showing a face. This is a younger Ike. Then go to the stairs in the back and up to a platform where you will see a fallen wheelchair. Here you will see another momentary image of Ike in the window. Are you feeling guilty?



IKE'S BOOKS

As long as you're in Ike's workshop, go to the left as you face the big acid vat. Ike is a serious collector of Communist conspiracy diatribes. You can get a close-up look at the covers by passing the cursor over each copy and clicking when you see an open eyeball. For those who want to check out these inspirational tomes from your local library, here's a complete list:

- Professor Arnold Ehret's Mucusless Diet Healing System
- SOS—Ship of State: Americans Beware!!!!!!—The people must challenge the hidden hand.
- Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion
- Give US A King, by Ken Warner
- The Coming Dawn, by A.S. Prater

- Red Star Over Cuba: The Russian Assault on the Western Hemisphere, by Nathaniel Weyl.
- The Cross and the Flag: Real Truth, Dynamic Truth, Fearless Truth, by Gerald L.K. Smith
- 47 Identifications of the British Nation with the Lost 10 Tribes of Israel, by Edward Hine.
- I Led Three Lives: The True Story of an American Patriot's Struggle to Infiltrate the Red Underground, by Herbert Philbrick



SURVEILLANCE VIDEO TAPES

Not exactly a secret, but we'd hate for you to miss these since they have so much juicy material. As you enter Ike's workshop, turn right. You'll see his battery of reel-to-reel video tape machines ahead of you. Five machines have tapes ready to play. The sixth is missing. Here are their transcripts:

Commies—(Ike to Dixie) I know the truth Dixie. I know the truth and it's deep and dark but I don't know what to do about it.

Dixie: Oh Ike honey, anything you want to is okey-dokey with me.



Lottie's—(Lottie) Where is the weasel Otto? If he don't stop bothering Dixie I'm gonna call up his sweet wife Edna and let her know just where to find him.

Whale—(Dixie singing) It might be silver and it might be red, might be gold or white instead. It might be pink and it might be black; I just gotta know the color of God's Cadillac.

Oscar's—(Otto, picking up a piece of paper from ground) What's this? (reads it) Dear Dixie Mae: This is it. Tonight we'll be rid of that loudmouth asshole once and for all and everything will be ours. All set up to look like an accident in his workshop.

An accident! Hah!

Loudmouth jerk has been bossing me around for months. He's gonna get his. I know you flatter that piece of crippled crap and pretend to love him. Soon we'll be together all the time.

That slut! I knew she wasn't so sweet as she pretended to be.

I know you can't really love that phony bag of gut gas as much as a real man like me. Been a loser up until now. My big chance and nobody's gonna get in my way.

Nobody?! Must be something I can get out of this. Huhmmm!

I'll meet you at the shooting gallery at ten to let you know how it went and say good-bye. Since everybody's gonna think I'm dead after it's over so I'll have to lay low until it cools off. But I'll be back baby. You may not recognize me at first but I'll be back. I'll be back. Jocko.

Jocko! Oh that scum. Well Mr. Jocko. Mr. He-man Jocko. You'll have some company when you and your little bright-eyed bimbo hit the big time. Ha, ha, ha.

Top Ten—(no audio) Jocko takes a photo out of his vest pocket and looks at it longingly. We can assume it's of his son that he occasionally watches from a distance.

Shop—(no tape on reel) When the button is pushed, the following message appears: **Security Breach! Missing Data! Tapes from your last session have been removed before they were properly logged.** This tape can be seen only in the Ted and Jocko ending scenario (see Jocko and Ted's ending scenario below for the transcript).

DEATH ON

SNOWMAN STAIRS

As you leave the workshop—or as you arrive—you can die, if you like. (We recommend saving your game first, though.) At the end of the gang plank, just past the stairway to Ike's workshop, is a danger sign. Yes, it's true you've already ignored at least one, but this time it means business. If you con-



tinue past the sign, death is unavoidable. It's also kind of cool. How many people do you know who are crushed to death by a falling, three-headed abominable snowman skeleton?

ENDING SCENARIOS

Apart from Dixie and Ike's shared ending scenario covered in Chapter Two, you can encounter the following conclusions:

JOCKO AND TED

If Jocko and Ted are the only remaining survivors and you are Jocko, the game "forces" you to go to Ted's room. There you will find Ted viewing a duplicate copy of the surveillance tape of Jocko attempting to murder Ike. Here is a transcript of that tape:

(Jocko is talking to and taunting the supine and apparently unconscious lke on the landing above the vats of acid in lke's workshop.)

Jocko: You know, I'm really sorry it turned out this way Ike, old buddy. I mean, you're getting a raw deal, no doubt about it. I sure wouldn't want some asshole drugging me and making me wear his crappy old clothes so they think it was his body they found instead of me. I mean, you're really not such a bad guy. You've got some pretty weird ideas but

you ain't such a bad guy. You know, you know it's all your fault. I mean, I mean once you told me about that gold you hid on the Midway, what choice did I have? I was already banging your old lady (Jocko kicks Ike) and she's not such a bad piece I might add. But between having to have that gold and wanting your old lady (Jocko kicks Ike again), I mean, you just had to go old buddy. I'm sure you'd do the same in my place.

Ike (stands up): I wouldn't be too sure about that Jocko.

Jocko: Huh! Ike, you're awake and you're walking.

(The two men struggle and both fall to the floor below. Ike lands face first in a vat of sulfuric acid. Jocko appears to have broken his leg and crawls off. The video tape image fades out.)

Back in Ted's room, Jocko confronts Ted and brandishes a huge knife. Ted remains calm and plunks Jocko with a red dart to the forehead. Ted begins his psycho killer death speech but is interrupted by Oscar, who scurries around his feet. Ted is afraid of rats, and in his panic, he falls, impaling himself on Jocko's knife, and







dart and dashes for the Midway's entrance. He makes a few passing comments to the ever-present Timmy—"Don't take any wooden winos"—then a squadron of police recognize Jocko from their original copy of the surveillance tape and arrest him.

TED

If Ted is the sole survivor, the game "forces" him to look at himself in the **Eye of the Maniac**. Ted sees ugliness. He repeats his psycho death mantra to his reflected image then gazes toward the roof of **Torture's Top Ten**. A moment later he attaches a rope to a beam and slips a noose around his neck. Without a moment's hesitation, he steps off the roof and hangs himself.



DAGMAR AND IRS MAN

If Dagmar and the IRS Man are the only survivors, the IRS Man will go to Dagmar's theater. (**Note:** You can't become Dagmar after 7:00 PM and if you

are Dagmar at 8:00 PM you will die of the plague.) You will see the IRS Man's tale. Afterwards, the pair realize they both have a love of dogs and fall instantly in love. But after saying a few parting words of wisdom to Timmy, Dagmar mentions in an everso-sweet manner, that the IRS Man has a slight problem with



bad breath, foreshadowing another doomed relationship. And for a moment you thought this would be a happy ending.



IRS MAN CLOSES MIDWAY

If the IRS Man is the sole survivor, he shuts down the Midway. By this time it's something of a **fait accompli**. Standing before Madame Mandrake, he warns Timmy of the consequences of cheating the government, then leaves.



TIMMY

If Timmy is the sole survivor it triggers a conclusion that is also the coda used for all the other endings. The location is Madame Mandrake's. Coma Man, still wrapped in his mummy outfit, stumbles

through the scene screaming Dixie's name. Then Timmy appears, clapping his hands together in unbridled glee, and says "Wow! What a great place. I have to come back here tomorrow." As the camera pulls back and Timmy skips off, lightning flashes, thunder booms, and a dark rain begins to fall.

ON A GENERAL NOTE

Lottie and Otto always die. Dixie and Ike either go out together or, if Dixie is dead, Ike wanders through the ending sequences. Timmy always gets to come back tomorrow.



BAD DAY ON THE MIDWAY PLOT SYNOPSIS

NOTE The experience of playing the game, as opposed to the conscious unraveling or understanding of the story, is the point of **Bad Day on the Midway**. Within this context, the plot merely becomes the vehicle for propelling the user from one point to the next, as opposed to being an end in itself. Also each of the ten characters has his or her own interests and some of these concerns are only marginally connected to this primary plot line.

A series of events comes to a head as you venture into your Bad Day.

- A rat will escape and begin infecting patrons and Midway employees with the plague.
- A man who attempted to murder the Midway's owner comes back seeking booty.
- A history of tax avoidance by the Midway's owner will lead to an investigation by the IRS.
- And a psychotic killer, who has kept his deviant tendencies in check for several years will no longer be able to resist his murderous impulses.

The Coma Man is Ike. He fell into a coma after Jocko tried to kill him. Jocko believed one of Ike's tall tales about gold being buried somewhere on the Midway. Jocko also was Dixie's lover. He intended to kill Ike, make it look like Ike had killed Jocko, then planned to come back to the Midway in a disguise, find the gold, and disclose his identity to Dixie. He believed she would join him and that they would run off with the gold and Ike's life insurance money. Dixie had no knowledge of this scheme and certainly would not have approved. Her attraction to Jocko was purely biological.

Jocko detailed his scheme in a letter to Dixie that he inadvertently dropped on the ground after the "accident." Otto found this letter and has been using it to blackmail Dixie into improving the quality of his **Racing Rat** booth and ultimately as a means to force Dixie to have sex with him.

For a dim-witted fellow, Jocko's plan was devious and clever. Both he and Ike wore false teeth. Jocko intended to drug Ike, switch teeth and clothes, then drop Ike in the sulfuric acid they were using to clean meat off bones to make the abominable snowman exhibit. He predicted that when a single disfigured body was found, everyone would assume that the body was Jocko instead of Ike. The overturned wheelchair, he believed, would lead people to believe that Ike had fallen into the vat and that his body had completely dissolved. But Jocko miscalculated the drug's dosage. He also didn't know that Ike was not weak and paralyzed.

Ike faked a psychosomatic paralysis after a minor parachuting mishap during World War II. Ike and Dixie were married just before Ike left for the Pacific theater, but they did not consummate their marriage before his departure. Ike feared intimacy and he feared returning to Dixie and being confronted with the likelihood of sexual relations. So he faked the paralysis.

He received a medical discharge, even though doctors could find nothing physically wrong with him. So when Jocko tried to toss Ike's drugged body in the vat, Ike was able to resist. They fought briefly and both fell. Ike hit his head on the edge of a vat of acid, momentarily dipping it into the searing liquid before his unconscious body slid to the floor. His face was burned beyond recognition. Jocko broke his leg, was physically unable to lift Ike into the acid and only barely managed to crawl off the Midway undetected.

The **Bad Day** begins several months after the "accident." Jocko returns to the Midway a few hours into **Bad Day** disguised as the bearded Jacky and unsure of what happened to Ike.

As Jacky, he convinces Dixie to give him a job, which works as a cover while he searches for the missing gold. He eventually reveals his identity to Dixie on the mistaken assumption that she'll be glad to see him.

During the play of the game, this plot unfolds in a seemingly endless way until the twin equalizers of society, death and taxes, eventually close down the Midway. Death, in the form of the Red Rat Plague, is introduced first by Oscar, the racing rat. The uniquely colored rodent has had a troubled and confusing life, and now he's feeling feverish. In his agitated state, he easily escapes from the loving grip of his handler, Otto. In the process he bites Otto, giving the fat, filthy, whiny twerp the distinction of being the first Midway inhabitant to come down with the Red Rat Plague. Oscar will infect several more victims before the day is out.

Soon after Oscar's escape Ted, who is a psychotic serial murderer, begins to methodically stalk the Midway. He seeks victims whom he considers to be ugly. He believes ugly beings seek freedom through death and he is doing them a favor. He kills his victims with a drugged dart followed by strangulation.

He then slices mementos from the corpses from which he builds "nightingale" butterflies: insects that, as he explains it, he collects at night when they are born and whose colors fade in daylight. Ted has kept his evil doings more or less in check for the past few years, enabling him and his mother to finally hold down jobs for more than a few months. He starts losing control around six o'clock on this **Bad Day**.

Meanwhile the subject of taxes is introduced by a man from the IRS who preys upon Dixie's inability to locate lke's missing tax returns. For years lke has failed to file any tax returns. Ike believes in the "Free man" philosophy. "Income taxes were never officially enacted by the people," he'll tell anyone who will half listen. When the IRS Man comes to call and demands that Dixie find the back tax records, she embarks on a fruitless search for nonexistent documents.

The only way to escape the inevitability of death and taxes, which ultimately doom the Midway, is to leave, and most characters have the potential for an outcome in which he or she (or sometimes a pair of characters) can leave—if they are the only survivor(s), that is. Ultimately the only soul left is Timmy and he can't wait to come back to such a "great" place.

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO MIDWAY **EXTERIOR CAMERA NAVIGATION AND ROTATION**

MI D W A Y MACKS

THE CHARACTERS ARE THE RIDES.

THEY ARE THE FOCUS OF THIS GAME
AS YOU'VE NO DOUBT LEARNED BY NOW,

THIS MIDWAY'S INHABITANTS AND VISITORS

ARE BEYOND BIZARRE.

THEY COME FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF LIFE.



s you experience **Bad Day** you will learn more about these unfortunate folks, and they will become real to you even though they are merely inventions of the fertile, fecund imaginations of the Residents. How did they come up with these tragic tales?

Our guess is that the Residents tapped a variety of sources: their own childhood memories of growing up (presumably) in the deep south, late night introspection in several San Francisco coffee shops, and metamorphosed characters from **Freak Show**.

Whatever the inspiration, the Residents did more than simply ascribe a few physical traits to each character. They gave these denizens of dementia deeply detailed life stories and eventful histories that molded their current behaviors.

As you experience **Bad Day** you will see only segments of the characters' disturbed lives. Even if you visit every dark corner of this game, you will not learn the full story of its occupants. But if you read this chapter you will discover all the sordid and sorry details that we gleaned from the Residents' personal musings on scraps of paper, napkins, and notes passed to the artists who created the "comic" histories.

With each character, we first offer a brief profile then present his or her life story. You may want to simply read the profiles and wait to read the life histories until after you've experienced **Bad Day** a few times.

Bad Day's characters have fascinating stories which are not so removed from our own experiences that we can't help but wonder whether we would have suffered similar fates had our lives zigged instead of zagged.

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"I think ever smart thing in been sung in a

DIXIE'S STORY

More than anything else, Dixie wants to be a singer. So much so that she has unconsciously patterned her speech after the lyrics of the country-and-western songs she loves so dearly. Although she seldom stops to articulate such deep thoughts, Dixie believes that the wisdom of humanity is contained in these songs. But one small problem has always stood between Dixie and her desire to bring that wisdom to the world-men.

Her father was a would-be writer and alcoholic, who tried to support his family as a truck driver but somehow always wound up without a driver's license. He deeply loved his daughter and supported her dream of becoming a singer, but his drinking problem often left him jobless and bedridden. Time and money that might have gone into singing lessons went instead towards the care of Dixie's dad, and, because of his failure to maintain a job, the burden of supporting the family fell on Dixie's diligent but depressed mom.

Her father had a wonderful imagination and often entertained the child with his stories of an enchanted singing cowgirl who constantly conquered the forces of evil with nothing more than the power of her beautiful voice. He was a sensitive and caring father, but a lack of confidence undermined his talent and he never broke free of the writer's block that always seemed to trigger his next binge. The only significant output of his overburdened soul were the poems Dixie found shortly after her father died. Dixie believed that her father's poems contained the only truth and beauty in a lifetime of suffering and pain, and that they would eventually become the basis for her hit songs once her big chance arrived.

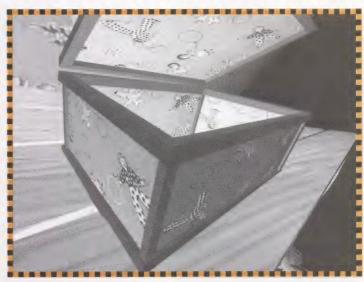
Two years after the death of her father, Dixie met Carlos. She was only sixteen and Carlos, a twenty-five-year-old trumpet player, appeared worldly and sophisticated to the eyes of the innocent young girl. Although he played jazz instead of country, Carlos was still the only real musician Dixie had ever known. He spoke an exciting new language filled with key changes, song structures, and all the other magical phrases that carried with them the aura and weight of a new world, and Dixie soon became convinced that her long lost goal was drawing near.

Dixie was with Carlos for a year, but afterwards all she remembered was a year of broken promises and all but discarded dreams. He promised to help her with her singing, but there was always a new band or a jam session that he just couldn't miss, and Dixie would be left alone again. Their love affair eventually ended in its own pitiful way, when Dixie discovered that she was pregnant. Carlos, true to the roots of his irresponsible soul, left the following day and, while his departure was sad, even pathetic, it certainly wasn't tragic. But Dixie's miscarriage was.

A few months earlier, in his only feeble attempt to help Dixie, Carlos had actually bought her a beat-up old guitar. A promised lesson never

materialized, but the guitar easily purchased a week's worth of appeasement—although he never bothered to tune it. Eventually the unused instrument languished against the wall of a hallway, where it was bumped and knocked over as the result of Carlos's last and final hasty exit. It laid there, at the top of the stairs, with all the confidence and indifference of a bear trap in the pathway of a lost lamb while Dixie quietly napped. When she woke up and discovered Carlos's empty closet, she ran out of their room and tripped over the symbol of her unfulfilled dreams, losing the only thing that really mattered as she lay in an awkward heap at the foot of the stairs.

Dixie was only seventeen when her mother allowed her to move back in while she recovered from the miscarriage. This period of recuperation was marked by an uneasy tension since her mother had never approved of Carlos. The pregnancy that had resulted from their "sinful" relationship had only confirmed her mother's doubts and that condemnation was obvious A few



weeks later, a friend suggested that an outing might be good for Dixie and offered to take her to a place that all the kids were talking about. Miniature golf was relatively new at that time, but the course where Dixie was taken by her friend was unlike any other.

The first thing Dixie noticed was the giant helium-filled balloon covered with swastikas. Suspended from the balloon was a large portrait of Adolf Hitler and a sign that said "Heiney Land."

The second thing she saw was Ike. They were married two weeks later.

"You ain't one

of them

Commie's,

is you?"

IKE'S STORY

Ike is the introverted but intense only child of a stern and strict father. His mother died shortly after Ike was born, so, other than a few distant aunts and cousins, he grew up without female role models. His father constantly demanded more perfection than the child could provide, but that never stopped the young boy from seeking the parental approval he never received. When Ike's model of Mount Rushmore, made entirely of toothpicks, won first place in his junior high art contest, his father's only response was that Lincoln's nose was crooked and it made him look lewish.

The young Ike was never much of a student, but he loved making models. His room was filled with cars, planes, boats, and bridges. As a teenager, however, he grew restless creating toys that he saw as inflexible and unimaginative. One day, in

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The paraplegic owner and boss of the Midway, Ike is the husband of Dixie. At the start of the game, everyone thinks he died in a mysterious accident, but Dixie believes he survived and is in a coma. Politically speaking, lke is extremely right-wing and paranoid to boot, and he keeps surveillance cameras all over the Midway. He designed most of the Midway exhibits and much of his paranoia centers around the fear that people would steal his ideas. Before the "accident" he was middle-aged, bald, wore glasses, and had a mustache. When he talked he twitched on the right

a fit of frustrated boredom, he took out his BB gun and shot all the models, breaking them into hundreds of pieces and outraging his dumbfounded father. Ike moved out shortly afterwards.

Ike was in his late twenties when he met the teenaged Dixie just before World War II. At that time he was a staunch pro-Nazi and owned and operated a miniature golf course decorated with swastikas and other Nazi symbols. When he was drafted, he refused to fight against Germany and was sent to the Pacific front instead. Ike and Dixie were married just before he was sent overseas, but they were unable to consummate the marriage successfully.

Due to an unfortunate accident, Ike's military career was brief, but it left lasting influences on his life. He was trained by the army as an airplane mechanic and, during a routine training flight, he was convinced by a cruel

sergeant that a heavy metal bomb casing was actually the standard safety helmet for flight mechanics. When the casing got stuck on his head, Ike panicked and walked through the open bomb bay doors. Somehow he managed to get his parachute open, but the added weight of the bomb casing caused him to fall too fast and he hit the ground with the impact of a brick meeting a mound of horse manure. Even though the doctors could find



no evidence of lasting damage from the accident, Ike insisted that he was paralyzed, and soon he received a medical discharge. Although he would never admit it, Ike had always been desperately afraid of intimacy and was intimidated by the needs of Dixie. So much so that he unconsciously created a psychosomatic paralysis in order to avoid physical contact with his wife—who wanted a baby more than anything else.

When Ike returned, the miniature golf course had failed, so he used his discharge payment to buy a rundown carousel in a small amusement park. The first thing he did was to replace the horses with miniature tanks, half-tracks, jeeps, and other implements of war. Ike's "Marvels of Mayhem" merry-go-round was a huge success with all the returning soldiers who brought their children to the carnival and Ike soon had enough money to expand. Eventually he took over almost all of the Midway.

"At first

it was only a

wrinkle or two.

but soon my

skin resembled

LOTTIE'S STORY

The most notable aspect of Lottie's appearance is a skin condition, which has caused her flesh to take on the appearance of dry redwood bark. This condition did not appear until she was almost twenty-five years old. Lottie's childhood was relatively uneventful until, at the age of ten, an automobile accident claimed not only the life of her mother, but also caused the amputation of both of her legs. Since her father had run away before Lottie was born, the accident left her an orphan and she was sent to live with her elderly grandmother.



LOTTIE

Lottie is a freak, not unlike most of the characters in **Freak Show**. She runs an exhibit which exploits a strange condition that makes her skin look like tree bark. She is also a double amputee, wearing artificial legs that look like miniature tree trunks. She walks and even attempts to tap dance, while at the same time entertaining her audience with an endless series of fascinating timber tidbits. For her finale, Lottie slowly climbs a real tree trunk and after an appropriately dramatic pause selects a member of the audience to cut the tree down with a chainsaw. Lottie always yells "timber" as she jumps to safety in the arms of Ted, her son.

on the many : The Official Strategy Guide

The grandmother lived in a log cabin in the woods and supported herself by making and selling quilts. The old woman always told Lottie that she only believed in one thing: scraps. Her quilts were made from scraps of discarded clothing. Her dog, found abandoned in the woods, was named Scrappy and her log cabin was made from twisted trees rejected by the local loggers. The

old woman often said that her greatest godsend was the discovery of little Lottie, laying on the scrap heap of life. She taught the girl that it didn't really matter what someone looks like, because a person could always survive on the castoffs of others.



For several years Lottie was happy living with her grandmother. There she met the man who would become her husband: Too Tall Texas Tommy.

He was a gruff and sometimes abusive husband. But after the birth of their son Ted, Tommy's anger intensified. It came to a head after Ted's fifth birthday, when in a blind rage Tommy threw Lottie to the floor. At that point Lottie vowed to learn to walk. During her rehabilitation doctors noticed an untreatable, genetic skin condition that with time would make her body look like tree bark. Soon after learning that disheartening news, Lottie lost Tommy, the only man grudgingly willing to live with her. He died in a logging accident: killed by a tree sawed down by his son Ted.

After Tommy's death, Lottie longed for the pleasant days she spent sitting at her grandmother's feet, listening to the old woman as she fondly recalled her favorite sanitary landfills.

Later, when faced with the reality of a freak show, her grandmother's words resounded with all the certainty of a meat cleaver cutting butter. Here were the discards of society, a human scrap pile primarily defined by its uselessness, but raised to the status of an art form if only by virtue of its self-proclaimed act of display. For Lottie, the freak show was no different than one of her grandmother's quilts, uniting these castoffs of humanity, and showing her a doorway into the future.

"These are not
just any bugs,
they're
sentimental
keepsakes from
very special
moments."

TED'S STORY

Ted's earliest memory is that of a pair of cowboy boots. They were attached to the feet of his father, but magnified through the memories of an infant, the boots stretched upward into infinity. The second thing he remembered was the hand of his father quickly dropping out of that infinite beyond and hitting him hard on the back.

Perhaps Ted should have felt guilty for hating his father, but the giant lumberjack

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TED

Ted is the son of Lottie the Human Log. Unlike Lottie, Ted looks completely normal; in reality though, Ted is a serial killer. His father, Too Tall Texas Tommy, beat and traumatized Ted to the extent that he was left with little ability to empathize with other people. In Ted's view he "liberates ugliness" in people with problems by killing them and turning their problems into things of beauty butterflies. True he is a psychotic killer, but if you get into him, you'll find he's actually very idealistic and noble within his own twisted values. He sees ugliness as a manifestation of inner pain. From his point of view he's trying to alleviate pain in the world. He may be dark, but in his mind he's trying to make the world better.

had no means of expressing affection except through harsh physical discipline. Ted quickly became anesthetized to his own emotions. The love of his mother and the hatred of his father were the only clear beacons in the otherwise barren landscape reflecting Ted's feelings toward other human beings.

There was one thing Ted liked about his father, but, typically, it was also something he hated. The boy's father, had a butterfly collection that covered three walls of his private room. Ted thought that room was the most beautiful place he had ever seen, but he hated watching his father kill the butterflies. The boy believed that things of beauty should never

be killed and that ugliness indicated the presence of death. He also believed that pain was a sign of inner ugliness, and that the pain had to be released in order to expel the ugliness trapped within. He referred to this process as "ugly liberation."

Ted clearly remembers his first act of "ugly liberation." He was three years old and was playing alone outside of his mother's cabin when he found a small bird on the ground. The bird had obviously fallen from a nest above and broken it's wing when it hit the ground. The sharp end of the broken bone had not only pushed its



way out through the thin flesh of the bird's wing, but the fluttering motion of the agonized creature had also caused the bone to first enter, then lodge itself deeply in the baby bird's eye. It was the ugliest thing Ted had ever seen. Without hesitation, he picked up a large rock and crushed the helpless animal.

There were many more incidents and their frequency increased when Ted became a teenager. The restless energy of adolescence affected Ted's quiet and withdrawn personality in a way that caused him to seek out even more opportunities for "ugly liberation."

When pressed, Ted says he collects "nightingale" butterflies. He claims he seeks them out at night when they hatch because that's when they are the most beautiful, before the sun has had the opportunity to fade them. He actually makes the butterflies from objects that he takes from his victims: bits of hair, bone, skin, clothing, and so forth. His first human victim was his father, who boasted of having the world's largest tattoo of the state of Texas. Ted burned down his father's house in order to liberate the dead insects inside.

Ted and Lottie traveled around the country and performed with a number of different freak shows before settling at Ike's Midway. Their movement from show to show always occurred after the mysterious deaths of several star performers. They eventually accepted Ike's offer to become a permanent attraction on his midway and have remained there for several years.

Lottie apparently has little or no knowledge of Ted's strange behavior. For her he has always been a model son, indispensable to the continuing success of her career. But there is one room of their log cabin on the Midway that Lottie never enters—the one that houses Ted's "butterfly" collection.





Owner of a Midway get the Racing Rat." Ottv overweight man whis baldness by on one side the other directive wrinkled a is constent have semant has been supposed to the constant of the consta

"N-nobody Otto anymore! U-you b-better play b-ball, or you're
f-finished!"

OTTO'S STORY

Otto's real name is Arnold. He once was a guy who believed that everybody laughed at him. In reality hardly anyone noticed him, but if they did, his high whining voice and overweight shape were certainly enough to evoke at least a little laughter, especially when he was younger. When Arnold was twelve, he bought a black motorcycle jacket. At that time motorcycle jackets were the absolute apex of adolescent fashion, but when Arnold wore one, they called him "The Black Cantaloupe." He had spent a year and a half getting up at six o'clock in the morning to deliver newspapers only to be labeled a dark piece of funny fruit. Right then he swore that he'd never have another "real" job. Maybe he was a little overweight and maybe his voice was too high and maybe they laughed at him, but Otto was convinced that the last laugh would be his.

His wife, Edna, had certainly learned her lesson. She made jokes about his hair-cut, nagged him about getting a job, and even made rude remarks about the size of his privates. So Arnold left her and the screaming kid and became Otto.



Back then, Otto was the kind of guy who hung out in the bathrooms of race tracks, hiding from the few suckers dumb enough to go for his hot tips on horses that always finished just out of the money. His life was a series of off-color situations and bungled opportunities, but he always managed to pick up some kind of job as a carny or some money around the track. This industriousness would usually last for just about one intolerable week, enough to get Edna off his back. Once, Otto had even gone door-to-door

selling vacuum cleaners. Now, however, he's in the big time. He runs his own carnival game and the lady boss, Dixie, does exactly what he says. And not only that, he is actually making money from rats.

Rats, hamsters, gerbils, guinea pigs, it doesn't matter. As a kid, all Otto had ever cared about was raising rodents. Several years on the road had caused him to forget how much he liked them, and liked taking care of them, and liked petting their soft fur, but when Ike hired him to sweep up the Midway, it all came back. At first Ike didn't trust him, but as soon as the Midway boss saw how good he was with Oscar and the other rats, things began to change. It was little things at first, like maintenance on the game wheel and replacing prizes when they were won; but then, right after the "accident," Otto found a letter containing Jocko's plan to kill Ike so Dixie could collect on his insurance and inherit the Midway. The letter meant that Otto had Dixie right where he wanted her. With Ike either dead or at least out of the picture, Otto used the letter to blackmail Dixie, forcing her to turn the small racing-rat game into the flashiest attraction on the Midway. And he could spend as much time playing with Oscar as he wanted.

"Oscar," he thought, "now there's a rat. So smart and sweet. If only Edna had been more like Oscar."



"Squeak, squeak, squeak."

OSCAR'S STORY

Oscar, the rat, knows nothing of his name or of the uniquely human concept called luck. There are different feelings that he has sensed around certain rats and even a few humans, but the idea of attaching names to these feelings is as alien to his rodent reality as assigning the values of good and bad fortune to the random events that affect his life. He mainly thinks about food and sex, and his outstanding features are his brown fur capped by a striking red head, which creates the shape of a star where it intersects with his body.

Unfortunately for the rat, his sexuality was not allowed to follow its normal manner of movement through his body. His star-shaped head caused the humans to see him as unique and they separated him from the others before he reached puberty. Because of this isolation from the rest of the rat community, his sex drive declined into a darkly defined sense of tension, nastily gnawing at his nervous system.

Oscar, however, retains his understanding of food. Food is goodness, glory, and God, and food is the only thing that motivates him...except for fear.

To Oscar, fear had an almost tangible presence, sharp and pointed, like a cocaine-addicted cat, covered with cactus needles. His greatest encounter with fear came as he was being taken from the basement where he was born to a laboratory. Once there he was to have been dissected and diagnosed, revealing the secret of his unusually colored coat, but it never happened. As luck would have it, as a human might say, the truck that carried him was in an accident and dumped it's cargo into the river. Luck had also reared it's indifferent head when the lone rat had been placed in a small carrier, made of lightweight plastic, instead of the large metal cages that took the rest of his rodent kin straight to the bottom of the river. The rat found fear like he had never known before, as he tossed and tumbled in his closed container for two days. But then, as the final reality of certain death closed in, luck looked his way one more time.

Ike often had Dixie wheel him down by the river when he felt overly burdened by life. On the day that Oscar was saved, Ike was at the river because attendance at the Midway had been down and the owner felt that a new attraction was needed. As he sat and watched the river roll by, Ike noticed a small plastic container caught between some rocks by the riverbank. His eye was especially drawn to the frenzied movements of a shadowy shape inside the object, and so he asked Dixie to pick it up for him. As he peered through a hole, he saw his new attraction—"Oscar, the Racing Rat"—looking back at him. Oscar eventually came to know little of "fame," although as the star of Ike's new Midway attraction, he is certainly a celebrated rat.

Lately, Oscar has become troubled, if such a word can be used to describe the inner



workings of a rat's psychology. Before, Oscar had always lived almost exclusively in the moment and had had little use for the cluttered sentimentality of memories, but then a new human entered his world and brought with him a disturbing flood of memories and new emotions. One of the few warm and fuzzy feelings nearly concealed in Oscar's murky rat memory is that of a mother. Mother mainly meant food and somehow it has become attached to the presence of a dirty human who makes too much noise and makes him feel warm and safe when stroking his fur. Then again, the human also places Oscar in a sunken circle surrounded by too bright lights and howling humans, and Oscar would become confused.

Mother never did that.



Dagmar is a tattooed lar runs her own exhibit. A pair of matching Dobr Chuck, she is usually robe covered with as she walks up a promoting her st variation on a s added her ow otherwise or her body is Dagmar is easily, by she intit them a these the her try

The tattoos turn you on, don't they boys? Now wouldn't you all just love to become the bulldog on my

DAGMAR'S STORY

belly?

Dagmar was always pretty, maybe too pretty. She was smart, too, and from an early age men were always attracted to her, but it was never because of her brains. When she was young it was amusing to watch their fumbling attempts to impress her, but as she got older, Dagmar's reaction changed.

Amusement became irritation, and that feeling eventually led to the lack of respect and anger toward men that Dagmar scarcely concealed behind a mask of haughty superiority.

Her policeman father's liaison with the neighbor's wife removed him from the opportunity to show true concern for his young daughter. While he was indisposed, a criminal, seeking revenge, broke into his home and attacked Dagmar. Fortunately one of their German shepherds fought the man off. Dagmar's father had arrested the attacker some years before after refusing to believe the burglar's sad tale about needing to steal to feed his sick daughter. She died while he was in prison.

Some adolescent girls project their unresolved romantic fantasies on horses, others on the mass-marketed teen idol of the moment, but for Dagmar it was her dogs. She started out with a Chihuahua and gradually moved up to a Cocker Spaniel and then a Golden Retriever, with each subsequent pet becoming a little larger than the one before. Dogs and men were constantly entangled in Dagmar's life, and dogs were infinitely preferable. She often said that the loyalty, courage, and simple honesty of dogs represented the qualities in men she liked the best; by limiting her involvements to the company of canines, she eliminated the deceit, arrogance, and insecure chest beating that she found so unsatisfactory in men.

Occasionally, Dagmar did find a man attractive, in which case his life was heaven...for a while. But they all had their flaws and Dagmar found the failings of men like falling bodies find hard surfaces. There was Edward, the slightly older man who had first recognized the value inherent in a beautiful body forced to endure years of ballet lessons, and who urged her to dance professionally. She was only eighteen when they were together and Edward was so sweet and thoughtful, until Dagmar realized that all he ever talked about was his mother. Then there was Joe, who looked like a young Cary Grant, but eventually disgusted Dagmar with his sticky clammy hands and constant sweating. But maybe the most memorable of all her lovers were Huck and Chuck, twin body builders that Dagmar only dated for a short while. Huck and Chuck inspired the first of her many tattoos, and also provided the names of her constant companions, a magnificently matched pair of male Dobermans.



The idea of turning the bickering and muscle-bound twins into tattoos of snarling Dobermans, one over each breast, was inspired by a drunken one-night stand with a tattoo artist and the lingering memory of Huck and Chuck's many battles for Dagmar's affection. There was a certain primitive appeal in the way they bared their teeth and growled at each other, but the effect was somehow lost when they walked into walls and tripped over the dumb bells that Dagmar could only see as symbolic of the brothers' wit and grace. The next time she performed, the reaction to her tattoos was nothing short of sensational and Dagmar was certainly not unaware that opportunity was barking in her face.

Each newly failed relationship became a tattoo of a dog and each tattoo carried a man's name and another story of romance gone rotten. Dagmar would gradually reveal the tattoos and the stories one by one, and the men would howl their approval; each one drooling over the prospect that perhaps he might become the cur covering Dagmar's left elbow, or may even be the lucky beast adorning her right buttock.

Dagmar smirks, teases, and blows smoke in their faces, never disclosing her desire that maybe, just maybe, a real man might come sniffing around someday.

"Your should
have your tax
return with you
at all times."

IRS MAN'S STORY

Nothing defines the character of the IRS Man more than an idealistic sense of patriotism. A humble man who was not born into an affluent or even comfortable situation, the tax agent was taught to love a country where the accidents of birth could be overcome with diligence and hard work. His entire existence is founded on the belief that nowhere is this transcendence of birth right more possible than within the colorless world of the Internal Revenue Service.

There is one other word that easily attaches itself to the personality of the IRS Man—isolation. He grew up as an only child in a family not known for its closeness and warmth. His father was a janitor and his mother was a maid who unknowingly influenced the future tax man in his patriotic zeal and belief that his primary responsibility lies in helping to maintain the

ର୍ଗାର୍ଦ୍ର ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ବ୍ୟବ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟବ A brooding man with dark, chiseled features and an anal retentive demeanor. As befitting someone who works for the IRS, he's direct, terse, and abrupt. Eventually the IRS Man is revealed to be a dog lover and is consequently attracted to Dagmar. Because of the distance he maintains from life, he is able to keep his romantic interest under control. Dry and businesslike, the man from the IRS becomes emotional and animated whenever the subject of dogs comes up.

greatness of his country. Just as natives of Alaska have difficulty imagining the tropics, the IRS Man has no context for emotional intimacy and is relatively blissful in his ignorance. Starting with the heroes and villains of American history and moving forward to the assets and liabilities of tax cheats, his life was a study in black and white.

However, if there was a single slash of tan in his monochromatic world, it was his Great Dane, Betty. His father had found Betty, shivering and

filthy, hiding under his car as he left work one night. He had planned to take the puppy to the animal shelter the next day, but, in a notable gesture of kindness from a cold and distant man, he was overcome by the immediate bond between Betty and his boy. Had his father realized then how much space Betty would eventually consume in their tiny two-bedroom



apartment, the answer would have undoubtedly been different. By the time she could lick his face while he was standing up, it was too late.

As the only genuinely close connection in his life, the IRS Man was devoted to Betty. When he got older and moved away from his parents, the value of that relationship only increased, and Betty came to embody the personal quality he valued over all others: loyalty. Her death at the hands of a driver speeding to file a last-minute tax return was certainly the most defining moment of his life. Although the dog had unexpectedly dashed in front of the car and the man did stop to apologize, the driver's excuse, as he sped away, was never forgotten by the soon-to-be government agent. The man said: "Sorry kid, but I can't be late to cheat Uncle Sam."

The IRS Man was eighteen and lacking direction at the time, but suddenly his future was as obvious as a baboon in a baby's bassinet.

Never tell your

JOCKO'S STORY

The combination of the words "cheap" and "chiseler" could easily have originated as the ideal description of Jocko. Loaded dice, marked cards, and the shell game are all but art in his hands, but his easy conquests of dumb yokels somehow satisfies his misguided sense of personal glory. He isn't smart. but he knows he lacks something, perhaps vision or ambition. Or maybe he is just too much of a loner, never going for the really big score. But whatever his shortcomings as a con man, Jocko has total confidence in his appeal to the opposite sex.

A psychologist might remark that Jocko is searching for the mother he never knew since he constantly cultivates the company of women. And if he is looking for a lost ideal, it is obvious that he never found it, because, in matters of the heart, Jocko's attention span is brazenly brief.

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Jocko works as Ike's foreman and is also Dixie's lover. His appearance can be compared to a paunchy Burt Reynolds in his mid-thirties. He wears tight, black T-shirts and thinks he's smarter and better looking than he actually is. An untrustworthy small-time hustler, Jocko is constantly attempting to scam what he can out of any situation, as evidenced by his attempt to murder lke. Jocko acts like he's not really in love with Dixie, but his resentment of her devotion to lke betrays his emotional attachment to her. His only he takes in Timmy, who reminds him of a son that he hasn't seen for years.

His very existence is living proof of the success of the D-Day invasion, and of his mother's determination to share her newborn burden with a no longer local liberator. Somehow the young French woman managed to reach the soldier's home in Alabama, or at least that's what Jocko was told. When the desperate young woman learned that the farm boy who helped create her condition had died in the war, she left the baby in a used car lot and disappeared.

Jocko grew up in an orphanage until he ran away at twelve. To say that Jocko's temperament is well-suited to life on the street would be similar to saying that light bulbs are comfortable in the presence of electricity. Jocko has simply never been handicapped by what most of us call morality. However, one would never say that he has been overly burdened by happiness either.

The crust, or more accurately the scab, that so solidly surrounds Jocko's unseen interior is not without a weak spot, though. Word reached him one day that a son had resulted from one of his urgent but characteristically brief encounters and, for the only time in his life, the small-time con man actually retraced his steps in order to see the boy.

For some reason Jocko used to be fascinated by the idea that his careless philandering could actually produce offspring. Periodically, he would abruptly leave the locale of his latest larceny and travel to the boy's small town. Although his interest and connection obviously ran deep, he never actually made contact with the boy. Instead, he just hung around his son's home and school and observed the boy from a distance. After awhile, whatever motivated Jocko to be near his son will subside, and he would leave. Occasionally he even took photographs of the boy which he carried in his wallet or pinned up on the walls of the cheap hotels where he used to live.

Eventually Jocko's journeys brought him to Ike's small midway and amusement park. The combination of a growing business and life in a wheelchair had placed Ike in serious need of help. For Jocko the situation of a needy cripple with an attractive younger wife looked like dead meat to a hungry hyena.

Maybe the big score was finally his.



"Wow! What a cool place!"

TIMMY'S STORY

Schoolteachers, his parents, and his older brothers and sisters, they are all part of a world that Timmy scarcely understands. He lives in the limitless reality of his mind and only finds an occasional connection with his surroundings.

Once he had to write a story for his English class, so he told about a scientist who dissected the brain of a football player and found out that it was full of grits. Timmy's descriptions of the versatility of grits, the resilient rubbery quality of cold cereal, and its nutritive value as proclaimed by his mother, caused the boy to receive an "A" on the paper. Timmy was puzzled, though, when his teacher referred to his story as an excellent example of "satire." From his perspective, a brain full of grits is the only thing capable of giving a person the strength to play football and not crack his head open.

Timmy also loves animals. He used to have two goldfish, Pee Wee and Poncho, whose bowl was once placed on the fire escape outside of his window when Timmy's mother cleaned his room. Unfortunately the

න්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන්ලන් Timmy is a ten-year-old boy who enjoys going to the Midway. Constantly filled with awe and wonder, he represents an innocent point of view that exists in total contrast to the cynical manipulations going on around most of the other characters. This innocence protects him from disease, famine, serial killers, tax collectors, and all the other negative forces constantly working to shut down the Midway.

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temperature fell to far below freezing that night, and Pee Wee and Poncho died. Timmy's favorite pet was a hamster named Hopalong. Often the small rodent rode in the boy's pocket, and for a few years the two were almost inseparable. Eventually Hopalong's name proved prophetic when the animal crawled up under the sofa, became entangled in the springs, and a front leg was pinched off—the poor thing could no longer hop fast enough to escape the vacuum cleaner and Timmy's overworked mom unknowingly sucked him up while cleaning beneath that same fatal sofa. For her, the incidents with the frozen

goldfish and unlucky hamster soon diminished within the barrage that constantly bombards her daily life. For Timmy, however, these accidents provided two more good excuses to turn his back on the claustrophobic family atmosphere of their small apartment and escape into the world of his rich and fertile imagination.

Timmy is a keen observer and he constantly spins elaborate fantasies around the people he sees every day. There is Oliver, the school crossing guard that Timmy be-



lieves to be the rightful Prince of Persia. In Timmy's mind, Prince Oliver barely escaped assassination by his wicked stepfather and is secretly planning his triumphant return with his loyal subjects, Sonny and Sarge, the two other crossing guards. Recently, Timmy also noticed that Bonnie, who works at the corner donut shop, has a twitch in her left eye. In Timmy's mind Bonnie instantly became a 500-year-old witch, and her unusual eye movement is a coded signal, sending secret messages to the other ancient witches and warlocks in the neighborhood. Timmy's favorite, though, is Miss Malloy, his third-grade teacher, who Timmy believes is actually a ballerina. It seems that Miss Malloy has been the only American in a famous Russian ballet company, but when her mother became sick the unselfish young woman returned to take care of her. The brilliantly talented dancer has been forced to teach elementary school because there is obviously no work for ballerinas in Timmy's small town.

Timmy's mind overflows with dozens of these stories. He has one or two for everyone he sees on a regular basis, but for him these stories are just everyday life and not terribly interesting. But what really excited him was yesterday's visit to the carnival midway down by the river.

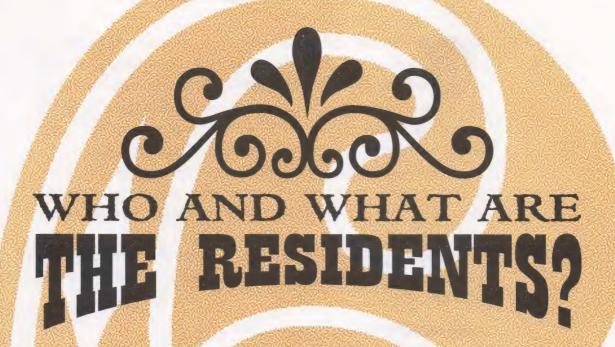
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COMA MAN

Who is this mysterious man? His hazy thoughts are filled with vaque memories of a childhood spent attempting to please his father who always criticized his best efforts, even his prize-winning model of Mount Rushmore that he made from toothpicks. Coma Man vaguely recalls World War II and a feeling that Adolf would have made a good friend. Somewhere in the dark corners of his befuddled mind are memories of a vat of boiling green liquid and a monkey wrench coming from out of nowhere. Figured it out, yet? Well, for those of you nearly as comatose as this man, here's another clue. He'd call his dream "Kiddy Klan Kountry" amusement park. Still on life support? Then read the plot summary at the end of Chapter Four.



THEY DON'T DO INTERVIEWS;
THERE ARE NO OFFICIAL BIOGRAPHICS;
AND THEY REMAIN, OVERALL, A FACELESS, GENDERLESS,
AND PACELESS GROUP OF HUMAN BEINGS.
AS A MATTER OF FACE WERE NOT EVEN SURE HOW MANY RESIDENTS THERE ARE

work during their twenty-five years in existence, including twenty-six full-length studio and live albums, more than twenty singles and EPs, a dozen album compilations, and several videos. On top of creating all that, the Fab Four Eyeballs have also staged three year-long world tours totalling more than two hundred performances.

The Residents are a group of artists who let their work speak for them, but most importantly, they are a group of artists who do not compromise their art for the sake of popularity. They are, indeed, mythical figures thriving in a carefully managed world of obscurity.

In this chapter, we present a brief history of the Residents, which was gleaned from their music, performances, and stories, as well as those who work with them.

THE RESIDENTS AS EYE-CONS

This is the Residents' public persona: four tuxedo-clad humans wearing giant eyeballs sporting top hats. They have other guises as well—including newspaper coneheads, mummies, and astronaut helmets—but you will never see the Residents as themselves for they always appear **incognito**.

The anonymous Residents apparently hail from the south, since one

album cover proclaims them as "North Louisiana's Phenomenal Pop Combo." But since the Residents enjoy massaging their myth, this could just be an erroneous red herring meant to protect their anonymity.

In any case, we know that they joined forces in San Francisco through an indescribable quirk of fate, circa 1970, and began formulating an artistic philosophy that ran counter to just about everything in the popular idiom. Their guiding principle became their Theory of Obscurity: remaining anonymous to avoid the pitfalls of ego clashes and other harmful behaviors that they had seen other artists suffer. They refused to be tied down by looks, bios, and the people with whom they associated, and they knew they would have to avoid these traps if they were to have any fun.





Some view the Residents as heirs to the Dadaists, proponents of an artistic movement that flourished after World War I and rejected all social values through absurd, irrational, and incomprehensible performances and artwork that negated traditional artistic values. Marcel Duchamp's urinal, which he titled "Fountain," is the classic example of a sculpture embodying the Dadaistic belief.

The Residents, however, take art to new levels in other ways—most important of these being the way they freed their own art from the fetters of commercialism and popularity-seeking. As children of the 1950s and 1960s, they watched pop music shift from an artist-oriented medium to a corporate culture in which handlers, managers, and executives pushed artists in directions they never intended to go. Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison—one pop icon after another self-destructed. The system abused its artists, and instead of letting them create what they enjoyed, it forced them to reproduce whatever was hot at the moment.

The Residents reasoned they could avoid all this by remaining anonymous. Their Theory of Obscurity is patently obvious actually: Art is at its most pure when created by unknown artists. And their theory has obviously worked. As the Residents pointed out in a recent album's notes: "The only comparable lasting musical units are the Grateful Dead and the Rolling Stones, and they have had members die, for christ-sake."

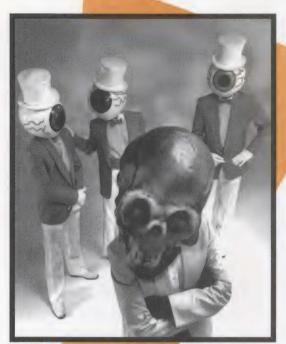
Their success overseas versus their relative lack of success in the United States only seems to underscore their point. They hit the pop charts in Greece and are very popular in Eastern Europe, among other places, and those countries do not have pop-dominated cultures. Across the Atlantic, radio stations are not bound to narrow play lists of hit tunes, and thus the Residents' uniqueness seems to have flourished. In the United States, by contrast, substantial financial backing is the only way to get airtime and the result is often what seems like an endless stream of groups parroting one another over the airwaves.

Still, the Residents did make some inroads into American popular culture. They provided music and sound for several MTV productions; they wrote and performed music for a tenhour series on the Discovery channel called **Hunters**, and they scored music for several **Pee Wee's Playhouse** shows on ABC-TV



The Residents set about creating their art after they created their philosophy. Each member had artistic strengths, but none was an accomplished musician. Undeterred, however, they turned to technology to forge their tunes. They

created sounds using synthesizers, garden tools, and kitchen appliances, and then mixed them on their own cutting-edge, multi-track recorders. Their early efforts were considered unlistenable by most people and the mechanical noise, haunting, hard-edged vocals, and somber beats sold very few albums.



But this did not stop them from expanding their artistic output, and they branched into music videos long before MTV. Their first effort in 1976, The Third Reich 'N' Roll, is enshrined in the Museum of Modern Art in New York where the Residents are credited as one of the medium's inventors. The video features the Residents dancing in newspaper costumes to their cover performance of Land of 1000 Dances by Cannibal and the Headhunters. The Rolling Stone Book of Rock Video calls this video "The most utterly, exuberantly original and bizarre performance video ever."

The album of the same name is a series of rock music parodies. One improbable excerpt is a Resident imitating Adolf Hitler imitating Chubby Checker singing "Let's Twist Again."

The Residents were performance artists long before the media coined that phrase. One of their earliest happenings was a bizarre, loosely organized affair in 1976 celebrating the fifth anniversary of Rather Ripped Records, the only store that carried their albums. Dubbed "Oh Mummy! Oh Daddy! Can't You See That It's True; What the Beatles Did to Me, 'I Love Lucy' Did to You," it featured the Residents as mummies, guitarist Snakefinger dressed as a giant artichoke, and torch singer Ziebak in a zebra skin miniskirt.

In 1981, they took their performance art on the road for the first time. The Mole Show, a musical about poor underground beings forced into subservience by the aboveground Chubs, featured magician and friend Penn Jillette as narrator. It played to sold-out audiences around the world and led to massive burn-out and minimal profits. Despite this experience, in 1985 and 1990, the Residents embarked on their next two world tours, performing in Europe, Australia, and Japan, as well as in North America.

Music is the most obvious manifestation of the Residents' creativity, but they are first and foremost storytellers. This fact may be due to their suspected southern



roots and that region's rich storytelling traditions. Much of this southern flavor seems to come through in **Bad Day** with its unsavory characters so reminiscent of the Caribbean and Cajun voodoo culture, the decadent plantation life, and the South's sultry repressions. In any case, some critics have argued that their albums are the soundtracks for the movies the Residents can't afford to make. The opportunity to create their complete stories came in the form of the CD-ROM.

The Residents have always been on the leading edge of technology, adopting multi-track recording, synthesizers, and computers as musical instruments. However, it was with the advent of CD-ROMs that they found a



medium that could foster their tale-weaving and multimedia talents. CD-ROMs have since become the Residents' best format for the expression of their vision, ideas, and concepts.

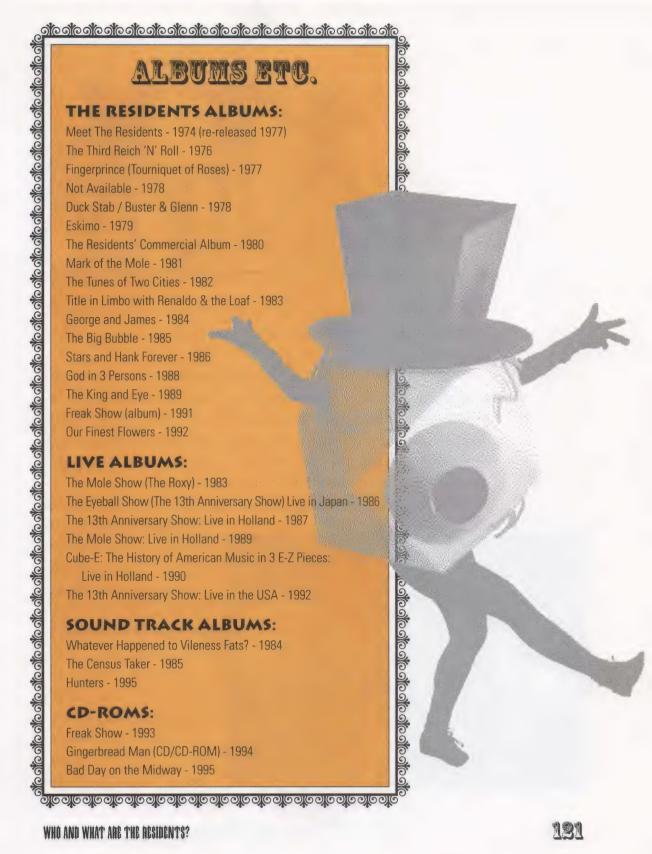
Their first CD-ROM effort grew out of an ambitious theatrical event turned into a world tour called **Cube E**. Its premise was that Elvis was murdered by the

music of English pop stars. The Residents believed that the British pop invasion led to American bands imitating British bands who were imitating American bands and that Elvis was the end of American music.

Cube E was indeed a dark view of American pop music, and the show played to sold-out houses and received lengthy standing ovations. Once, in Berlin, the group had broken down the stage and was relaxing in a bar long before the applause faded.

Still, two years on the road made the Residents feel like they were a freak show. And that feeling served as the inspiration for an album of musical short stories about carnival, side-show human oddities.

A chance meeting with artist Jim Ludkte in New York led to the collaboration that created the **Freak Show** interactive multimedia CD-ROM.





It is a voyeuristic look behind the scenes at the sorry and sordid lives of those individuals whose deformities are so disturbing that crowds of people pay to see them.

The **Freak Show** CD-ROM received phenomenal critical acclaim and surprisingly good sales for a product that deviated so far from the expected norm. Its goal was to emotionally provoke and trick those who played it by presenting horrible, tragic, and sad stories. It left users with no support, wondering why they bought it. It was a twisted joke to pull on people, but then again the Residents **are** pranksters.

The Residents followed Freak Show with a multimedia music CD called



The Gingerbread Man. This too broke new ground that only now is becoming more commonplace: mixed-mode CDs that combine album cuts with a CD-ROM data track of interactive software.

Of course, things have not always been perfect during this group's twentyfive-year tenure. At times they completely disappeared, their tours were

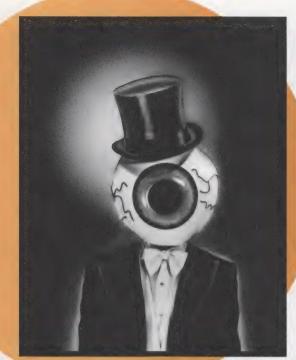
THE TAO OF THE RESIDENTS

The Residents have never directly stated their philosophy. Their art and those who work with them do that for them. Those aware of their views and their work appreciate The Residents as true artists, unfettered by such mundane issues as finances, contracts, and popularity. They have followed these tenets for 25 years...

- The Residents are more of an idea or a concept that gets embodied in different people who work on their projects. They are mythical figures.
- The Residents' outlook is dark but they maintain an underlying sense of hope and optimism. They believe the darker aspects of life are the most interesting. Villains are fascinating, heroes are not.
- They are the masters of demented prose. Entropy is a fact of life. The world's falling apart and going to hell. You can feel depressed about it but the Residents believe you can also love it.
- Their art is their identity.

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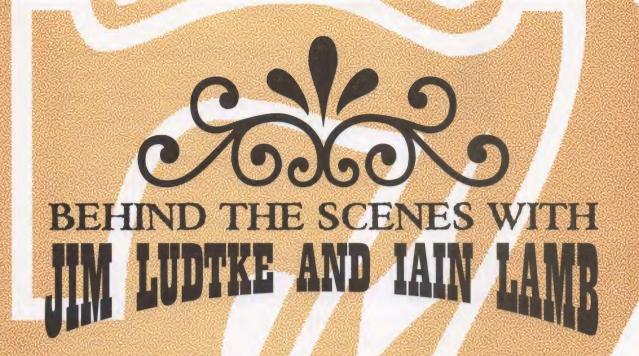
- Those seeking to avoid fame should do really excellent work. The world will likely ignore you.
- Their music comes out of the school of not practicing. They apply their artistic temperament to the computer and recording studio techniques to replace skill with technology. Which means anybody with a musical vision can reach toward realizing it. They see that as an important step for mankind.
- The whole success of the Residents is based on the fact that they're tone deaf.
- The ability to express oneself should find whatever means there is to do it.
- The Residents have nothing to say. Even in their work, it's what you get out of it rather than what they wanted you to get out of it. Their only point is to foster a personal experience.
- They create art that they love. The real pleasure comes out of the process. It's a realization of a personal vision.
- They are their audience. If they don't like what they make, that's a problem. If somebody else doesn't like it, that's not a problem.
- If the Residents were a religion they would have no followers, because they expect everybody to have their own religion and be their own followers.
- Pop music is a repetition of two types of musical and lyrical phrases: the verse and the chorus. These elements usually repeat three times in a typical top-40 tune. Cut out the fat and pop songs are only one minute long, the same length as a typical commercial jingle. Jingles are the music of America.
- Computer users are more likely to enjoy the Residents because the music world is conservative whereas the computer world begs for creativity, original thought, and perverseness.



subject to frequent snafus, and projects disintegrated as they struggled with their management company. And although they have done well critically, when it comes down to money and popularity, they haven't really received much of either over the years. But somehow, the Residents always reconciled and returned to their craft.

Now, with their string of popular CD-ROMs, they are truly putting their Theory of Obscurity to the

test. Their fate may be to become cultural icons. Will that force them out of their anonymity? Not likely. Hidden behind their eyeball masquerade are frighteningly fertile minds always looking for new means of expression and tales to tell. In November 1995, for instance, Divadlo Archa, an experimental theater group in Prague, played Freak Show: Live for four weeks to sold-out audiences. This was the first time non-Residents had performed Residents' material on stage, although the Residents were on hand to oversee the production. And while Divadlo Archa is contemplating a ten-city European tour, the Residents have plans for a Bad Day sound track album and a graphic novel.



NTHE CRANDED CLOSE AT THE BACK OF THE UN-AIR-CONDITIONED OFFICES OF THE CRYPTIC CORPORATION, THE RESIDENTS' MANAGEMENT COMPANY, AND CAMERA LIGHTS TURN UP THE HEAT A FEW MORE NOTCHES. n actor sits on a stool, his head rigidly locked into a welder's helmet and a clamp to keep it from moving. Somehow he still manages to perform his lines in a very animated fashion using exaggerated eye movements and mouth contortions. The director, satisfied with the results so far, calls for a break and offers to help the actor out of his confinement. The actor declines, saying he's quite comfortable and that he will stay put through the break until shooting is completed. No one seems surprised. For the people involved in the creative process of making **Bad Day on the Midway**, giving their most is just another token of their appreciation for the Residents and their ideas.

A COLLABORATIVE EFFORT...

A collaborative effort, **Bad Day** brought together a team of tremendously talented and greatly dedicated specialists, most of whom have a take on life that is decidedly different from the norm. The multimedia production process began in April 1994 after the Residents completed work on the script and the characters. They first approached Jim Ludtke, who received universal acclaim for his artwork on the Residents' **Freak Show**, and who happily agreed to work on **Bad Day**. "In working with the Residents on **Freak Show** I entered into their twisted little world pretty deeply," Ludtke says. "My first task was to try and make that feeling happen a little more acutely in **Bad Day**."

But **Bad Day** turned out to be a much larger project than **Freak Show**. Instead of a series of loosely connected vignettes, **Bad Day** is a multilevel, interactive storytelling experience. Before creating the first image, Ludtke had to resolve several issues, including the characters' appearance and animation, the Midway look and functionality, the characters' "cartoon" life stories, and the management of the character interactions and the game's randomness. Ludtke reasoned that to believe in **Bad Day**'s characters is to believe in the game, and that's why he spent two months experimenting with sketches before committing to a plan.

Luckily, the Residents provided Ludtke with strong definitions of the Midway's characters, complete with emotional profiles, background stories, and how they related to each other. "Visualizing these people was easy," Ludtke says. "I knew I wanted to make them look like diseased puppets. I wanted the characters to look really extreme and bizarre."

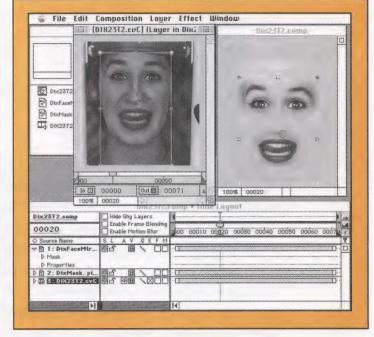
Ludtke's challenge was to translate his early sketches into computer-animated images. After doing some video experimentation on his friends, he settled on a unique, two-part solution. He decided that he would create the characters as graphic "sprites" that could appear over any background. They would have limited mouth movements and several gestures that the programmer could fit to the conversation. That approach eventually led to an immense programming challenge (see below). The second part Ludtke called MaxiTalk. He wanted the characters to occasionally have tight close-ups with perfectly lip-synched speech.

The idea was to videotape actors, digitize the video, electronically

remove all facial features except the eyes and mouth, and to insert them into graphic images of the characters. For those old enough to remember, the obvious inspiration for this was **Clutch Cargo**, "the cheesy 1950s animated TV series, which I recall primarily for its unintentionally nightmarish use of filmed human actors' mouths superimposed over crudely drawn faces," says Ludtke.

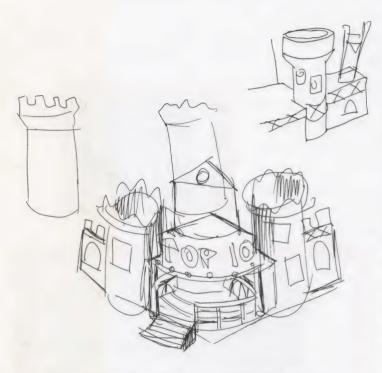


Ludtke's wife, Sharon, created a head clamp to accomplish this. "When people were in the clamp they could move their eyes and mouth but nothing else," he says. "We did a casting call and put people in the device. Many were good actors, but once in the vise they sort of froze. But there was that one guy who liked it. At that point we knew we were getting some unusual folks. The Residents know some wonderful, offbeat people."



Molly Harvey plays Dixie.

By now you've probably seen all the characters in **Bad Day**. But we suggest you go back and look more closely at Jocko and the IRS Man and make note of their extreme mouth movements. Both actors managed to create those contortions while rigidly clamped into Sharon Ludtke's "MaxiTalk" vise and hard hat. Jim Ludtke did nothing to enhance them.



An early Ludtke sketch of the exterior of Torture's Top Ten...

DESIGNING THE

Designing the Midway was also a creative and technical challenge for Ludtke. "Stylistically I wanted the Midway to be something of a dump, and not how one usually thinks of a carnivaltype environment," says Ludtke. "A large, crumbling, turn-of-the-century warehouse at the center and exposition halls scattered about in various stages of neglect. A gloomy sky, no particular time of day. I hung out at an amusement park not unlike the Midway as a kid. Hopefully it's torn down by now."

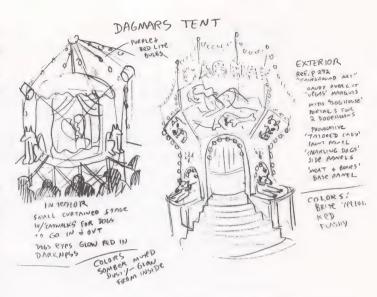
Initially the design called for some extraneous items, including a parking lot, a river, and the whole lay of the land around the park. "But we realized pretty quickly that wasn't important. It was more important to get you into the Midway and have it be claustrophobic."

Ludtke considered a linear Midway. But that meant seeing characters approaching from great distances, both graphically and logistically out of the question. "I'd have to be constantly rendering characters from afar. So I decided to make it in a loop so people could come in from

off-camera. Otherwise there would have to be hundreds of additional animations. It would have been a programming nightmare."

CREATING THE CHARACTERS...

Creating the characters' life stories was a monumentally huge task. Ludtke and the Residents contracted with twelve artists to do the graphics work. The Residents provided each artist with the background story



...and the exterior and interior of Dagmar, the Dog Woman's theater.

of a character or a description of an attraction, and Ludtke followed up with additional instructions. His message was what just about any com-

mercial artist wants to hear: "Do what you think works." The Residents were more than willing to take whatever came through the door and adapt it to **Bad Day** by adding additional graphical elements, captions, music, or animation.

"What I told all the contributing art-

"What I told all the contributing artists was basically I wanted it to be as lurid as possible. The artists went crazy. They just knocked themselves out to do incredible things for us. None made a fortune on this. I think it's something about working for the Residents. Artists respect their philosophy and want to support their work."

The diversity and bizarre nature of the artists' contributions not only added many elements of surprise and extra depth to the



Doug Fraser drew the IRS Man's story.

Bad Day experience, it also led to some lengthy collaborative efforts. Such was the case with Georganne Deen, who was responsible for illustrating Lottie's story.

Deen did six paintings that were full of detail and used folk art to depict Lottie's life. The Residents looked at her paintings and wrote a song based on what she depicted. A San Francisco animator, Bill Domonkos, scanned all the paintings and brought them into Adobe PhotoShop. He cut out hundreds of little elements and animated them using Macromedia Director to follow the song's narrative. The project bounced back and forth for about two months as the Residents finished the music and Domonkos adjusted the animations.

There was a humorous downside to all this. "These things could consume hundreds of hours," says Ludtke. "The people working on them would have a particularly abrasive song going on in their lives twenty-four hours a day. They'd find themselves on the bus humming this tune. There's no shaking this stuff. It's a virus."



Steven Cerio created hundreds of images for the Kill-a-Commie shooting gallery video.

Joel Hornsby, using images created by artist Steve Cerio, took about two months to animate the **Kill-a-Commie** shooting gallery video. Listening to the atonal Residents rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever" over and over eventually "drove Hornsby nuts," Ludtke jokes.

THE PROGRAMMING TASK...

The programming task for **Bad Day** was enormous. There were thousands of image files of character gestures, more than 1,000 "thought" streams, plus many character and navigation video clips, music, sound effects, and random events that had to be somehow quickly accessed during game play and, in many cases, run off the CD at the same time. In addition, the programmer had to develop a scheme to keep track

CREATIVE NUTS & BOLTS—PART 1

Ludtke created **Bad Day** entirely on Macintosh computers. He often began the process by drawing a shape in Adobe Illustrator before importing that basic artwork into Macromedia's MacroModel, where he could further manipulate it.

He next exported the MacroModel 3D models into the Electric Image Animation System, where he combined sometimes several hundred files into one animated scene.

Ludtke created several dozen images of each character, each showing a slightly different gesture. The programmer could then string together a series of these images to create animations and give characters the appropriate body language for their speeches or responses. Those animation sequences are accessed randomly, allowing the characters to have slightly different reactions each time the game is played. He also rendered them against a white background, which in Macromedia Director, the authoring software used to create **Bad Day**, could be defined as transparent, so the characters could appear in any location. Most of the characters, when seen in interior locations, were rendered with lighting to match the environment so they could appear out of the shadows.

of who had spoken with whom, while determining who would get sick and at what time and where Ted would strike.

"The sheer volume is monumental," Ludtke says. "It just started unfolding into an astronomical project and a huge media management challenge." To cope with this challenge, Ludtke and the Residents contacted J.A. Nelson, a well-known programmer. Nelson, however, was too busy to offer anything but occasional advice. To move the project forward, he recommended Iain Lamb, a twenty-four-year-old Stanford graduate, who, according to Nelson, could take Macromedia's authoring tool beyond its known limits. "I would characterize Iain Lamb's involvement as heroic," Ludtke says. "He is incredible. He was able to bring Bad Day to life."

Lamb majored in Symbolic Systems, a unique program at Stanford that combines computer science, linguistics, psychology, neurology, and philosophy. His goal is to make computers act more "human." **Bad Day** was a perfect opportunity.

Ludtke knew they had the right guy moments after their first meeting. "As I finished explaining the basic concepts of switching characters and having characters recognize each other," recalls Ludtke, "Lamb was barely able to stay in his seat as he explained how he'd set up a 'social interaction manager.' I knew this was something he could do."

What neither man knew was just how huge this project would become. Looking back after programming for a solid year, Lamb is grateful he was in the dark. "I would have been very intimidated by taking this project on if I knew how much work there was ahead of me," Lamb says. "But it was really important not seeing that when I started because it enabled me to have this enthusiasm and determination which carried me through to the end."

Lamb worked with Lingo, the programming language behind Macromedia's Director. In many ways, Director is intended to give non-programmers a means to create multimedia products. Lamb went well beyond that level. He used Lingo to create applications, some of which even re-write themselves during game play.

"I created these structures in the code that are sort of imaginary that most people won't see," Lamb says. "I used Lingo in a very weird, undocumented way. I needed to create a degree of uncertainty regarding thoughts and other events."

To non-programmers this may sound obtuse, but the end results speak for themselves. Even Lamb doesn't know what will happen next, who will cross your path, what they will say, what your character will think, and who will die of the plague and when. That randomness in **Bad Day** is what brings life to the game. Unlike most adventure games where the same thing happens again and again if you click on something, **Bad Day** is full of surprises. No other adventure-type game has this degree of freedom and uncertainty. Lamb created what he called the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) to throw the "dice" at the start of each new game to determine who would get the plague and when. His Social Interaction Manager (SIM) tracked all the contacts between characters and ensured that any encounters would lead to comments appropriate for the characters. This is why Dagmar will make a snide remark to Dixie, whom she dislikes, and

Ludtke built the interiors and exteriors using PhotoShop, MacroModel, and Electric Image. He lit and texture-mapped each scene—that is, he defined the source, intensity, and type of lighting—plus the look and "feel" of their exterior surfaces using tools he has created over the years and stored in his custom library of mass. Then he created navigation animitations by "Thing" the camera eround the scene to specific locations he called "nodes," using Electric Image, which rendered all the final animation.

These nodes represent places where the user can turn around or advance to the next node in the exteriors and interiors, to allow the player a 360 view and four movement options.

These views plus the navigation and rotation movies, were rendered in Electric Image and saved as plot files for the views) and DuickTime movies for the navigational between each view. All of these views plus the navigation and rotation movies, were rendered in Electric Image and saved as plot files for the views) and DuickTime movies for the navigation. The movies were then imported into Adube After Effects where a special effect filter was applied to create a custom motion "blur" to the movie, to give an enhanced illusion of motion.

offer offer

a friendly observation to Timmy. And she won't make the same statements or have the same thoughts twice in the same game.

This randomness has a mathematical foundation. Essentially Lamb came up with a way to calculate a huge binary number of ones and zeros at the start of each new game. The program then uses that number to define the events and outcomes of each game. But even this system could not begin to predict the player's decisions. That randomness created an untold number of debugging headaches. "Time is not propelled in a direct way and it's not a well-patterned situation where each character follows a set behavior. You're not sure if what triggered a problem is random probability or a bug in the code. There are exceptions all over the place."

Aside from dealing with the randomness and character management, Lamb also had to devise ways to overlay and combine music, sound effects, and ambient noise plus port the product from the friendly Director authoring environment of the Macintosh to the less cooperative PC platform. One month before shipping, he still believed that would be impossible. Now, however, as you play **Bad Day** and see how smoothly and seamlessly it runs, you would never guess the blood, sweat, and tears behind this creation process.

"That is the bane of programmers," Ludtke says. "If they do their job correctly, no one notices them. Their work is transparent. You can marvel at the music and the graphics but you don't marvel at the music and graphics playing at the same time. You don't realize Lamb worked six months on that."

Lamb worked alone on virtually all the programming. His input was invaluable. And there were two moments when the team thought they had lost him.

The first came early in the project while he was walking a friend's large dog along the beach. The dog suddenly pulled the leash, slamming Lamb into the ground and breaking his collarbone. He was out of commission for nearly two weeks.

Ludtke remembers the initial reaction from all those working on the project was of sympathy and concern for Lamb's health. But upon learning he'd be alright, reality hit. "We all went 'Oh no! You can't do that.

Nothing can happen to you.' You've got to remember, we didn't have a replacement."

The second instance happened in the office. While working alone, a man came in, asked for a job application, then mugged Lamb and stole his wallet. It might have been worse but a co-worker walked in. "It was really scary, but once there were two of us he wasn't so threatening and left," Lamb recalls. "I didn't get my wallet back." But the Residents did reimburse him.

Despite the setbacks, Lamb persevered and is now pleased with the outcome. "The thing is so complex that sometimes I'm startled by what the characters do. They have such a range of motion and possibilities that you suddenly see juxtapositions you never anticipated. There's a weird feeling to me that what we've created here has a certain kind of intelligence. The characters in a sense live on the ROM."

"I'm extremely pleased with how it all came out," Ludtke says. "When we were making all the hundreds of elements that got pulled together to make a piece this complex, it was hard to believe that it was ever going to work. We didn't see it come alive until it was almost completely finished and that was an incredibly rewarding experience."

The project was limited to a handful of people, largely due to budget restrictions but also because of the synergy it created. "In bigger productions, there's an underlying issue of people trying to climb their way to the top," Ludtke says. "There was none of that in this small group. We all tried to work in ways to benefit others. It was a pretty healthy organism. If the budget was much higher, we wouldn't have had as much freedom. We've got a great publisher who supports artists and they want to do creative work. They told me to develop a look, be extreme, do what I want. That's a dream come true. You can't buy that."

After living with **Bad Day** for a year and a half, and spending many sixteen-hour days working on the project, Ludtke and crew deserve to take some time off.

"There are phrases from **Bad Day**'s characters etched in our brains," Ludtke says. "We can't have conversations any more without a few coming up [such as] 'You piece of puke' [or] 'You're lower than a bug on the bottom of a grave robber's boot.' I'm ecstatic that it's done."

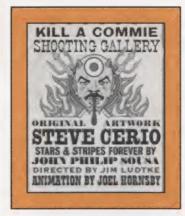
PARTNERS IN CRIME

A dozen artists worked closely with Jim Ludtke and the Residents to illustrate the characters' life stories and the Midway attractions. To fully appreciate their diverse backgrounds, we've included the following brief biographical sketches provided by the artists themselves.



LEIGH BARBIER— MARVEL'S OF MAYHEM MURALS

Leigh Barbier is a sculptor and painter living in San Francisco. She has worked on numerous projects for the Residents during the past ten years and draws considerable inspiration from her eccentric family.



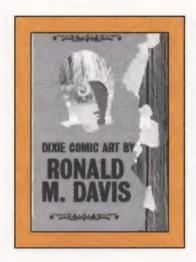
STEVEN CERIO— KILL-A-COMMIE SHOOTING GALLERY VIDEO

Steven Cerio just moved from the ugliness of Brooklyn to a pretty storybook town in the Catskill mountains called Cold Spring, New York, where he earns his keep as an artist, illus-

trator, and writer. His drawings appear regularly in lots of national publications and they hang on gallery walls near and far.

Cerio is presently compiling a collection of his happiest work which is aptly entitled **Permanent Grin**, as well as cooking up an exceedingly cryptic "kids" comic he calls **PIE**.

When Cerio isn't drawing he spends his time kidnapping box turtles and unreasonably large millipedes from the woods. He has just recently become the proud father of nine, healthy, baby Joshua trees and a salamander he hasn't named yet.



RONALD DAVIS-DIXIE'S LIFE STORY

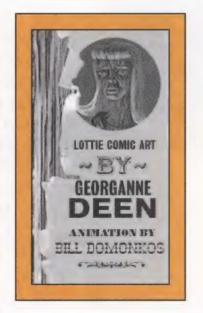
Ronald M. Davis is an artist and designer working in San Francisco. A graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design, Davis was the Associate Artistic Director of Antenna Theater for eleven years, specializing in multimedia walkthrough environments.

He recently worked as an artist-in-residence at Theater Archa in Prague, designing the stage version of **Freak Show**. He also designed the cubist eyeballs for the Residents' **CUBE-E** show. Davis has art-directed several short animated works for MTV including the short film, **Slow-Bob**. His work includes design for Bay Area performance groups, as well as graphic design and illustration.

GEORGANNE DEEN— LOTTIE'S LIFE STORY

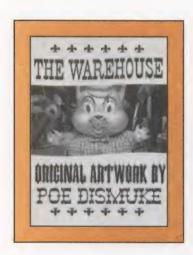
Georganne Deen has captured the aberrant behavior of our culture in comics, magazine illustration, and album cover art for the past fifteen years. Her work has appeared in Rolling Stone, Wired, British Vogue, and scores of other magazines and popular media. She illustrates the James Gleick (author of Chaos) column for the New York Times Magazine each month. As the visualist for Oingo Boingo, she was twice nominated for Grammies.

Her work has been shown in Los Angeles, New York, Venice, Tokyo, Paris, and Chicago. Her most recent exhibition was an epic series of paintings called "The Mother Load" in which she divested herself of the psychic conflicts that had plagued her and her mother for decades.



"I am often unconscious of motive or message in my own work while I am making it. Aggravation is a great source of inspiration for me, likewise humor and advertising jargon, and I enjoy being led by them into a composition. The fact that my work is a fairly accurate, if metaphoric, account of who I am, is as mysterious to me as dreaming. It is precisely this mystery which writes itself into my work, that creates its continuous style, endowing it with an otherworldly dimension."

Her latest project is an animated cabaret show starring a cat woman whose love interest is a world famous plastic surgeon.



POE DISMUKE— WAREHOUSE SCULPTURES AND CUT-OUTS

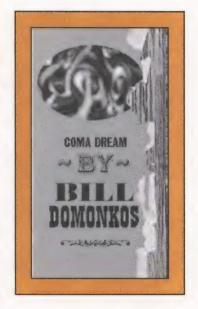
Poe Dismuke was born and raised in Fairfax, California and now lives in Petaluma, California. When he was eight or nine he started building bird houses with his grandpa. He has been building and collecting stuff ever since.

The carnival always seems to be popping up in his work. He thinks it's because he spent a lot of time at "Playland on the Beach" in San Francisco when he was young. "It seems to have left an indelible stain on me. I read in the paper this morning the description of an eccentric—I seem to have all the traits. Oh well. Guess that's what I am...a birdhouse building, junk collecting, carnival sculptor, eccentric."

BILL DOMONKOS—COMA MAN'S THOUGHTS

Bill Domonkos is a freelance animation artist in San Francisco. He began experimenting with video and performance art while a student at the Cleveland Institute of Art. Afterwards, he produced corporate and commercial videos, as well as his own experimental and documentary pieces. It was during this time that he became interested in computer animation. Having always enjoyed painting and drawing, his move to a digital platform was a natural progression.

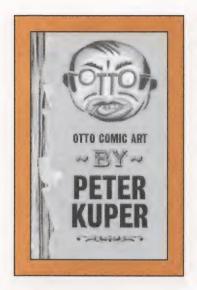
Domonkos began doing short computer animations—manipulating photo, video, and hand-drawn images. The challenge to Bill is to achieve an organic look, something which is not always easy in a digital environment. "The images I create go through quite a transformation. I don't always know exactly what I'm looking for; I just experiment with images and techniques until something happens that I like and then take it to the next level. I like to leave myself open so the working process becomes part of the piece."





DOUG FRASER— IRS MAN'S LIFE STORY

Born and raised in Canada, Doug Fraser spends his days trying to avoid those with too many preconceptions about his work and most humans in general. His work has usually been labeled "Socialist" by his American friends. Adds Fraser "I see it as a statement of my middle-class upbringing and frustration. Also the geographical area quite overlooked by popular media, the Great Plains and the interior of all North America. Concrete and direct in structure, I want the work to be emblematic of my own desires; comics, motorcycles, painting, engineering, and Slurpees. The IRS Man cometh. Hello from the Grey Zone."



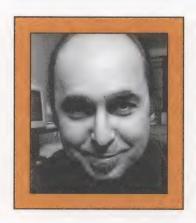
PETER KUPER-OTTO'S LIFE STORY

Peter Kuper's work has appeared in **Time**, **Newsweek**, **The New Yorker**, **The Washington Post**, **The Village Voice**, **The Progressive**, and **The New York Times**. His "Eye of the Beholder" is now syndicated nationally to alternative papers. **Rolling Stone** recently named him 1995's "Hot Comic Book Artist."

He has illustrated a number of books, including a comic strip adaptation of Upton Sinclair's **The Jungle** (1991), and **ComicsTrips** (1992), a journal of the artist's eight-month journey through Africa and Southeast Asia. An inveterate traveler, he has made lengthy stays in Europe, Central America, Africa, Southeast Asia, Israel, Mexico, and New Guinea. His most recent books are **Stripped—An Unauthorized Autobiography**, and **GIVE IT UP!**, a comic strip adaptation of Franz Kafka's shorter works, with an introduction by Jules Feiffer.

Since 1987, Kuper, who is co-founder and co-editor of **World War 3**, an illustrated political comics magazine, has taught a course on "alternative comics" at the School of Visual Arts in New York. He is also an art director of INX, a political illustration group syndicated by United Feature Syndicate.

His art has been exhibited in galleries in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portugal, Amsterdam, and Paris. He has received awards and citations from the Society of Illustrators, the Society of Newspaper Designers, the Society of Publication Designers, and American Illustration, among others.



JIM LUDTKE— BAD DAY'S PRINCIPAL ARTIST

Jim Ludtke has been working on the Macintosh since 1986. His illustrations have been published in many books and magazines, and his commercials have appeared on MTV and the Nickelodeon channel. He has recently moved his studio to Santa Monica, California, where he plans to continue his focus on the creation of 3D

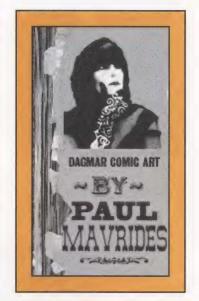
illustration and animation for multimedia. Ludtke collaborated previously with the Residents on **Freak Show** and contributed animated sequences to their **Gingerbread Man** CD-ROM. His animation work has been shown internationally, including at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and the Dentsu Gallery in Tokyo.

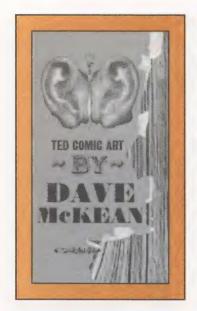
PAUL MAYRIDES—DAGMAR'S LIFE STORY

Paul Mavrides, although now working for various state and federal tax agencies, is internationally known for his acidly etched, vividly bleak view of life. Examples of his work include uncounted sardonic paintings, writings, and so-called "underground" comic books, such as **The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers**.

Founder of the aesthetic philosophy of "Primitive Victimization," he also serves on the Board of Directors of the SubGenius Foundation, policing this religious organization against all hints of cuteness or positive thinking. Mavrides is simultaneously both the Foundation's main heretic and its primary artistic buttress against Pinkness and normality.

A master theoretician of Bulldada, he is least known as co-designer of the **Book of the SubGenius** and **Revelation X**. Paul's favorite activity is his outdoor play period, where he portrays his favorite roles: space alien, anarchist radical, or kooky artist. Mavrides displays good, large muscle coordination while climbing the jungle gym and uses scissors exceptionally well for a man his age.

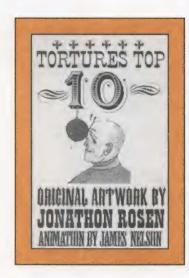




DAVE MCKEAN-TED'S LIFE STORY

Dave McKean was born in 1963 and currently lives in the Kent Weald with family, sheep, fish, and cat.

McKean has made hundreds of covers for comics (including all the Sandman books) and CDs, and has illustrated several graphic novels (fat comics) including Signal To Noise, Mr. Punch, Violent Cases (both with Neil Gaiman), and Arkham Asylum (with Grant Morrison). He has written and illustrated the comic novel Cages and Voodoo Lounge, a project with the Rolling Stones. Recent publications include a catalogue to accompany a retrospective exhibition touring in Europe, a digital Tarot, and a monograph of photographs called A Small Book of Black & White Lies. He is currently developing CD-ROM, music, and film projects as well as a children's book, again with Neil Gaiman.



JONATHON ROSEN— TORTURE'S TOP TEN VIDEOS

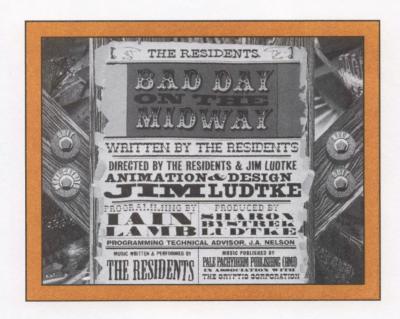
Jonathan Rosen is a painter/illustrator currently living in Brooklyn, New York. His work has appeared in Nozone, Discover, Rolling Stone, Spy, and many other magazines. His books include Intestinal Fortitude (Pooté Press, NY 1990) and a 100+ pages color monograph (so far untitled) due out in mid-1996. His album covers include John Moran/Manson Family Opera, Bern Nix, JMT Guitar Compilation, 3 Merry Widows, Imago Road Show, and Hypothalamus.

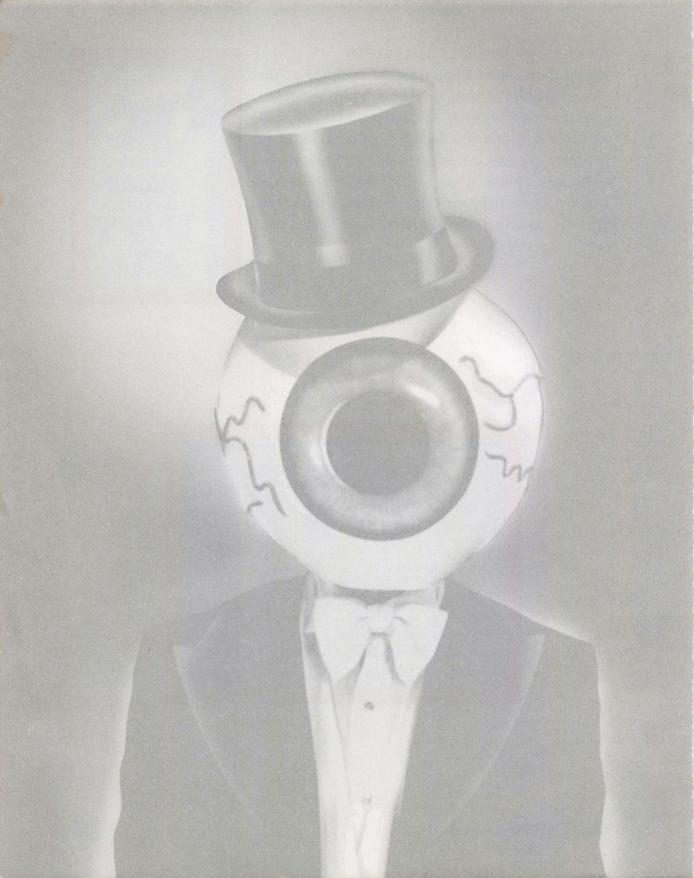
Trained in fine arts printmaking and sound design, Rosen is also an amateur historian of medical and medieval art. His favorite musical instrument is the electric saw.

RICHARD SALA—OSCAR'S LIFE STORY

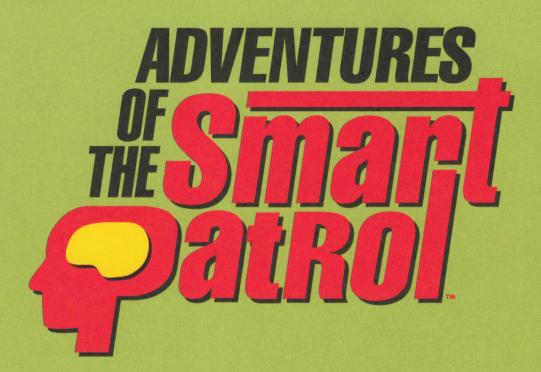
Richard Sala's unique illustrations and comics have been widely published in many magazines, books, and newspapers. He created, wrote, and designed the animated serial Invisible Hands, which was featured on MTV's Liquid Television. His work can also be found on the Residents' Freak Show CD-ROM. Three collections of his comics have been published: Hypnotic Tales, Thirteen O'clock, and Black Cat Crossing. A new book, The Ghastly Ones, will be published in late 1995.











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The legendary sounds of the underground performance artists The Residents underscores the exciting gameplay and creates an unparalleled gaming experience. With complete background on the elusive and reclusive Residents, The Residents' Bad Day on the Midway: The Official Strategy Guide helps you get the most out of the bizarre sights and sounds of this revolutionary game!

JEFF SENGSTACK is a former television news reporter, anchorman, and teacher who's written for several multimedia publications including New Media and CD-Rom World. He is also the author of Consumers' Guide CD-ROM Buyers' Guide.





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